No. 2837
Vol. CCXIX.

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THE SKETCH
JULY 1, 1953

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Fortnightly

The Sketch

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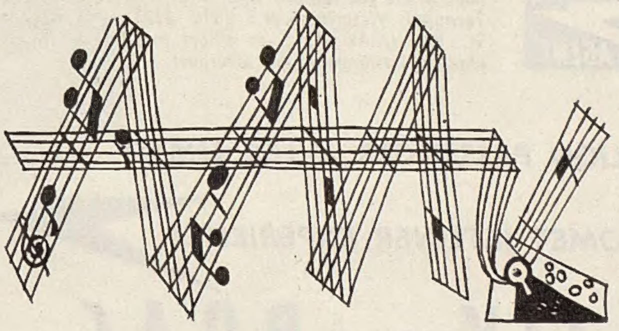
In this simplified illustration of the poly-omni-panhorn, musical group-creation is seen at work. Mass extemporising is co-ordinated, not by the domineering baton of the conductor (tawdry effigy of the old slave habit or leader-and-led mentality) but by the "unanimity of the common spout".

The effect of omnipolyphonic music is difficult to describe to those whose ear, brought up to the "tum-ti-tum" of Hindemith or Berg, is not trained to receive four-dimensional sound; nor is its scripting easy. The scribe or *Übereinstimmungschreibgerätsmann* (right-hand corner) must be specially trained. For his three-dimensional notation (see inset) he uses a three-dimensional typewriter.



Designed by Lewitt-Him, written by Stephen Potter.

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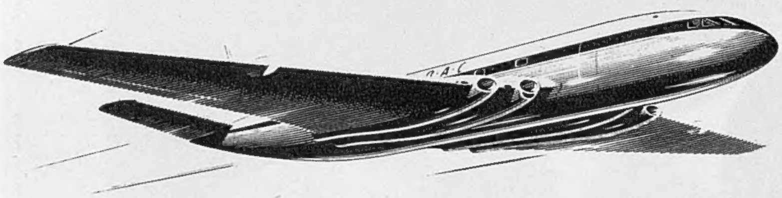

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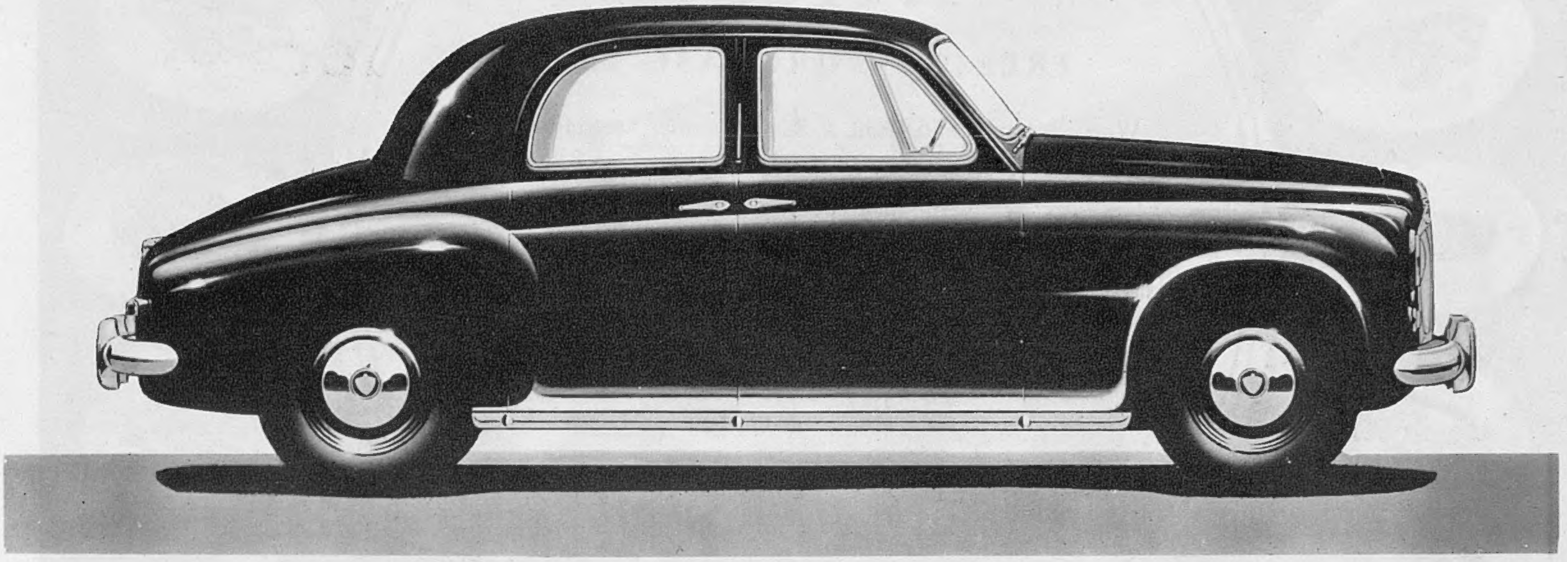

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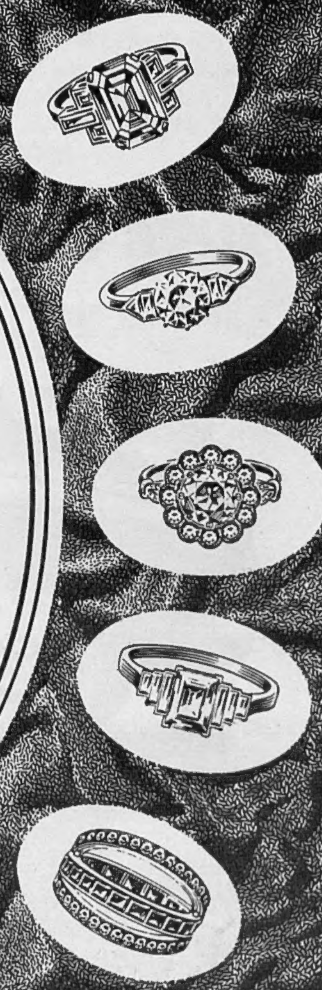

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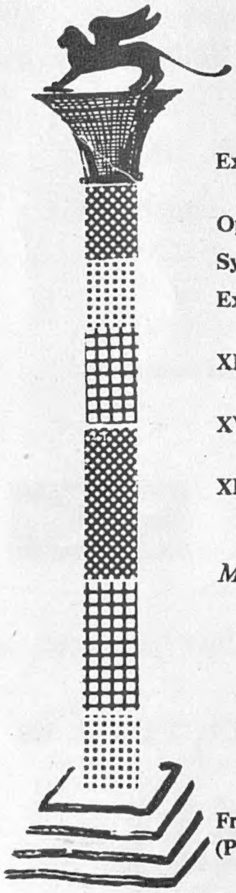

PRINCIPAL EVENTS of 1953

Exhibition of works by Lorenzo Lotto (June 14th - October 18th)

Open Air Opera Season (July)

Symphony Concerts in the Ducal Palace (July)

Exhibition of French Tapestries in the Palazzo Grassi (July 12th - September 20th)

XIVth International Film Festival (August 20th - September 4th)

XVIth International Festival of Contemporary Music (September 6th - 17th)

XIVth International Theatre Festival (September 19th - October 7th)

MUNICIPAL CASINO open all year round—Feast of the Redeemer (July 18th)—Night Regatta on the Grand Canal (August 22nd)—Historical Regatta (September 6th)—Artistic Events on the Island of St. George—International Tournaments of Tennis, Golf, Bridge, Clay Pigeon Shooting, etc.

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The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1, 1953

AT THE NAVAL REVIEW

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are seen here aboard H.M.S. *Surprise* with some of the officers commanding foreign ships visiting Spithead for the Review of the Fleet on June 15th. The visiting officers were invited aboard to a sherry party, in company with senior officers of the Royal Navy, Flag and Commanding Officers of the Dominion Navies and officers of British merchant ships and trawlers, which were reviewed during the afternoon. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh later dined aboard H.M.S. *Vanguard* with Admiral Sir George Creasy, C.-in-C., Home Fleet.

AFTER-LUNCHEON SPEAKER, by Ethel Macmillan
(from the summer exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists at their gallery in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall).

Our Motley Notes

By Toby O'Brien

THE Primrose League Ball, as I predicted, was a great success, not the least successful aspect of it being the "surprise moment at midnight." This was when the curtains were drawn, and from a picture frame Bobby Speaight, the actor, disguised as Disraeli, turned and delivered himself of a short, powerful piece.

I can now reveal that your columnist was responsible for Dizzy's limpid statement—and many a headache it caused him during the previous fortnight! The reason was that it was not to last longer than thirty seconds, and re-reading the great man's speeches in search of an appropriate aphorism, it became clear to me that he never spoke for less than two-and-a-half hours, or delivered himself of a sentence of less than 200 words. In the event, I had to cheat, welding parts of sentences from two or three different speeches into Bobby ("Beaconsfield") Speaight's little piece.

Of course, the oratory of the time was built on a more monumental scale than would be popular to-day. I always like the story of Mr. Gladstone, who was so moved by something which Disraeli said in the House that he leapt to his feet and delivered himself of a little impromptu trifle—lasting not a minute more than two and a half hours! Everyone in England was impressed by the Grand Old Man's capacity for extempore oratory. Well, when I say everyone, perhaps I should make one exception, and that was of Mr. Gladstone's gardener, who had heard him two days before pacing up and down the yew walk at Hawarden, muttering to himself: "Had I, Mr. Speaker, Sir, received the slightest intimation that I should be called upon to address this House to-night. . . ."

Incidentally, I am sorry to learn from many old friends connected with the Primrose League, that my faint but (I hope) good-natured mockery of their mumbo-jumbo names, such as their "Grand Habitation," has been ill-received by members ranging from a Very Distinguished Old Gentleman Indeed to an M.P.'s wife who tells me she started her political career as a "bud." I apologise but, if I may whisper it, *I still think it's all pretty damn silly.*

PREVIOUS to the Primrose League Ball I had been to a debs' cocktail party. Among the puppy-fat and Roedean Rollicking, one very lovely young lady stood out. She was, I was told, both very charming and very rich. Let us call her therefore Miss Dives. (Excuse the Latinity—but Walter Butler and I have recently been devising a new coat of arms and Latin motto for our mutual friend Sir Guy Lloyd, M.P.: copies on application from personal friends only.)

I was standing close to this well-endowed vision when a young deb's delight contrived to throw the greater part of my cocktail over my one remaining clean white waistcoat. One drop fell on Miss Dives' dress. Remembering that this was the new Elizabethan age, and regardless of my own disaster, of creaking joints and dangerously strained coat seams, "Sir Walter" O'Brien bent low to mop at the hem of Miss Dives' garment. Whereupon Miss D. turned on him a basilisk glare of hatred which froze the blood in his veins and hissed: "I 'll sue you for a new one."

Darling Miss D., a word in your ear. When you find the young man of your choice—and I feel sure it will be of *your* choice—don't in any circumstances allow him to catch even a glimpse of that look of yours until the last strains of the "Wedding March" have safely died away. The shock might justify him in remaining a bachelor for life. But then, as some French cynic—Anatole

France ?—said : " It doesn't really matter whom you marry. You always find you've married someone else the day after the wedding."

A PLEASANT Party occasion—this time with a capital " P "—was a private view, opened by Lady Maxwell Fyfe, of Aubrey Davidson-Houston's pictures at the Walker Galleries. One or two of the portraits, the Editor tells me, may be reproduced elsewhere in this issue.

Mr. Davidson-Houston taught himself to paint in a P.O.W. camp in Germany when he found that the German guards would not allow photographs of his fellow P.O.W.s to be sent home, but would—through some quirk of the Teutonic mind—allow sketches or paintings. He therefore turned a natural talent to good account for the benefit of his fellow prisoners, and took up painting seriously on his return to civilian life.

The Party nature of the occasion lay in the fact that Mr. Davidson-Houston is evidently an ardent Conservative. For the majority of his sitters appear to have been members of that party—and indeed of the staff of the Conservative Central Office who—*mirabile dictu*—appear to make most agreeable subjects. The most successful of his portraits seemed to me to be that of the Home Secretary, not normally an easy person for the artist with either brush or camera to catch.

One of the results of the large number of functions taking place in this Coronation Year is that one finds oneself meeting the same people over and over again. Thus it was that I met David and Sylvia Maxwell Fyfe the next day again—for the third time in twenty-four hours—at Admiralty House as the guests of Jim Thomas for the Trooping the Colour Ceremony. It was a pity the sun did not shine on this most lovely of all parades, but nevertheless it was a most agreeable occasion and Jim was, as always, the best of hosts.

One part of the parade caused almost as much anxiety to the onlookers as it must have done to the unfortunate young man concerned. Somehow the left-trouser leg of the ensign carrying the Colour had got caught up in the top of his boot — thus presenting a rumpled and wrinkled appearance to what should have been an impeccable trouser line. He must have been aware of this during the long minutes—about forty-five of them—before the Troop began, and he could move. Our heart bled for him, and it was with anxiety, almost as great as his own, that we watched to see whether, when he moved, it would shake down. When, after a few paces, it did, our collective sigh of relief was as heartfelt as it was audible.

BUSHY : by Hargrave

" . . . AND IT'S 3-D, AS WELL ! "

COMING away from Admiralty House in a light drizzle through vast crowds, my admiration for the police after days and nights of crowd-control was unbounded. The fact that the drizzle descended unchecked on grey top-hat and shoulders was due to the theft of my umbrella, along with my car, two nights before. The latter had been quickly recovered, severely battered, by the constabulary ; the former had not.

That had not been a good evening. I had dined in Soho and, trying to be too clever by half—as I wanted to get to St. James's Street to cash a cheque at a club—I went north and west before trying to come south. It was a fatal manœuvre. For one hour and a quarter I was stuck at Hyde Park Corner. Patience—in crowds or heavy traffic—does not come at the top of the list of O'Brien virtues. After about half an hour I was apostrophising the night sky through the sunshine roof in uncomplimentary terms. It was a lucky thing no doctor was present to take my blood pressure. He would have had to invest in a new machine.

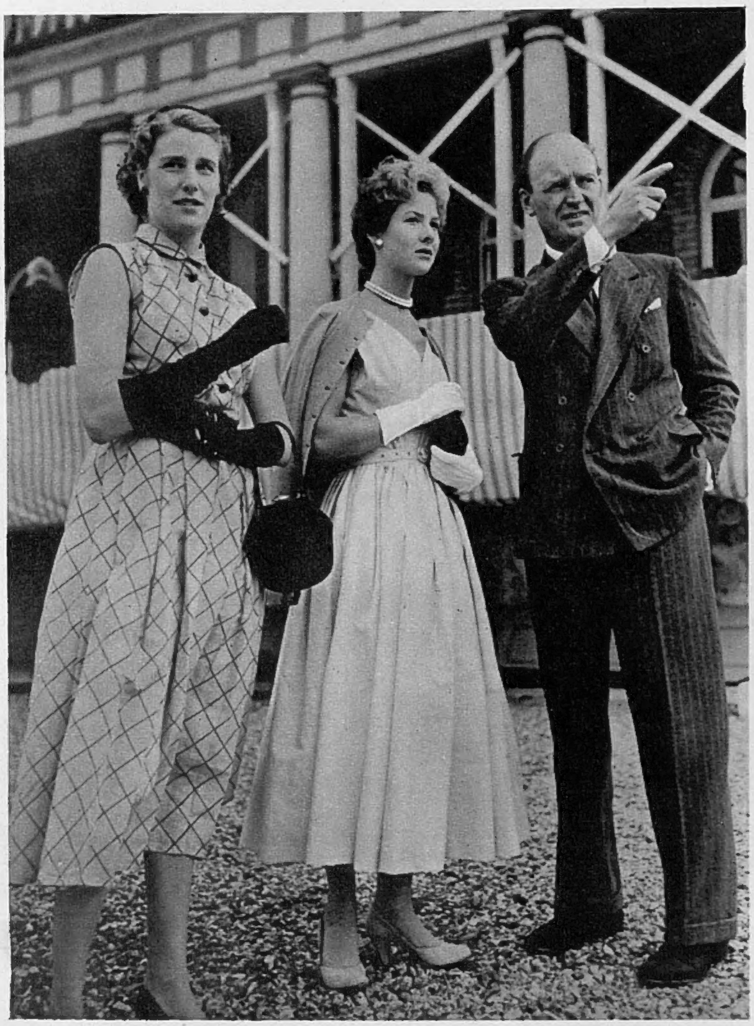
To crown it all : when finally I got to St. James's Street an hour and a half after leaving Soho, two youths broke into the car in the quarter of an hour I was in the club and drove it away. The police, who traced and chased them with admirable promptitude, forced them into the side of the road after they had hit something on each side. It was a very battered automobile—and not on the whole a soothing evening.

A SOOTHING volume, on the other hand, which has reached me is the *Guide Gastronomique de la France*. This excellent book, which has been " *realisé sous la direction de Simon Arbellot de l'Academie des Gastronomes*," is a slightly more human and expansive variant on the *Guide Michelin*, almost providing an insight into the individual foibles of the hoteliers and *patrons* whose establishments it recommends. At the back it has a number of pages headed : " Where you have been—others will be," and adding : " If we are going to cut out the '*étapes defaillantes*' it is essential to encourage those which merit encouragement." You are therefore invited to fill in a form and post it to the *Guide Gastronomique* giving your frank criticisms. If I might suggest, it would be no bad plan to detach the form *before* the meal begins, and under the eye of the waiter. And wouldn't it be a splendid thing if we could have such a system widely adopted here. Anything to get the British hotelier on his toes would be a benefit to the tourist trade and to the unfortunate natives. The only thing of the sort we have at the moment is the Good Food Club, which issues a guide of its own.

INCIDENTALLY, I cherish the story of Henry Labouchere as a young diplomat travelling to Berlin. At the then Prussian frontier the Customs officers took so long going through "Labby's" luggage that he lost both his train and his temper. Finally, he asked for a telegraph form, filled it in and asked the senior Customs officer to send it off for him. The examination of his luggage was hastily concluded and a special train found for him. The telegram had read : " PRINCE BISMARCK BERLIN REGRET UNABLE DINE TO-NIGHT OWING FOOLS OF CUSTOMS OFFICERS AM FINDING OUT THEIR NAMES—LABOUCHERE."

MY regular readers will recall that I have a boggling imagination. Past my office window the other day there drove a large van which bore the legend : " Blank and Co., Tinners and Retinners." Now I can, I think, understand the first part of Messrs. Blank's no doubt admirable activities, but the second sets my imagination boggling. Is it a fine, manly statement that if they don't get the tinning right first time they are prepared to have any number of other bashes ? I wonder—but I don't want to be told.

BEFORE we leave the subject of the Coronation, who was the genius who, on being told to take Queen Salote of the Tonga Islands to the theatre, took her to—*South Pacific* ?



The assembling ships at Spithead were the focus of all eyes at the Royal Victoria Yacht Club's garden-party on June 13th. Here, Lieut.-Commander C. Batham identifies some of them for the benefit of Miss Sarah Glass (*left*) and Miss Cynthia Wilson.

Miss Susannah Gardner (*left*) and Miss Wendy Mallett took their refreshments to a convenient corner in the sea-wall, where they had a fine view across Spithead at right angles to the line of the ships.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Herbert-Gustar (*left*) and Mrs. and Lieut.-Commander P. G. Loasby, of H.M.S. *Eagle*, were among the many guests from the Fleet.

GARDEN - PARTY REVIEW OF THE FLEET

What more convenient grandstand could there be for one's own private Review of the Fleet than the Royal Victoria Yacht Club's grounds at Ryde? So the club held a garden-party on June 13th as the great naval array was assembling in Spithead and the 200 guests, including some forty British and overseas naval officers and their wives, had a first-class view of the entire proceedings out at sea. The ships, from such a vantage point, were easily identifiable, and the weather, for once, was perfect.

More than 200 guests, including forty British and overseas naval officers and their wives, were out in the Club grounds to watch the boats, to admire the scene—even to admire the weather, which, for once, rose splendidly to the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Sclater were naturally in happy mood, and it was all a great and joyous occasion, for what more majestic sight could there be than a full-scale Naval Review?

Equally happy and typifying the atmosphere of the whole garden party were Captain J. H. D. M. Campbell and Miss Cherry Campbell.

Taking a brief rest from their own Review of the Fleet were Mr. and Mrs. Sugden Smith. Lieut.-Commander P. G. Loasby preferred to stand.

AN ALFRESCO PARTY

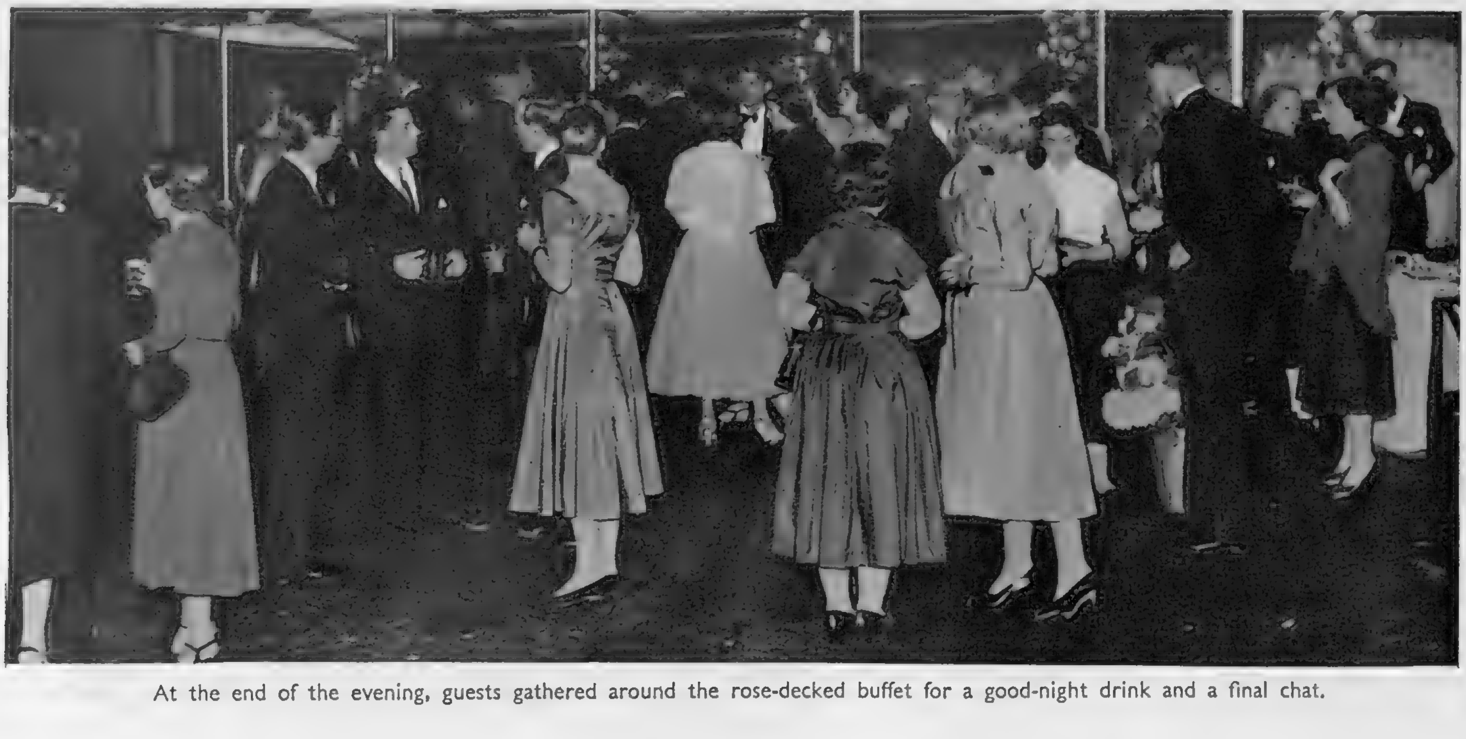
Mrs. Elizabeth Ward's party on June 11th for her debutante daughter, Caroline Bartlett, was a party with a difference. It was held out-of-doors in Reston Place, a cul-de-sac off Hyde Park Gate, where the few small houses are all—including No. 6, the home of the hostess and her family—converted from old stables. The street was cordoned-off for this very novel and thoroughly successful party.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by A. V. Swaebe.

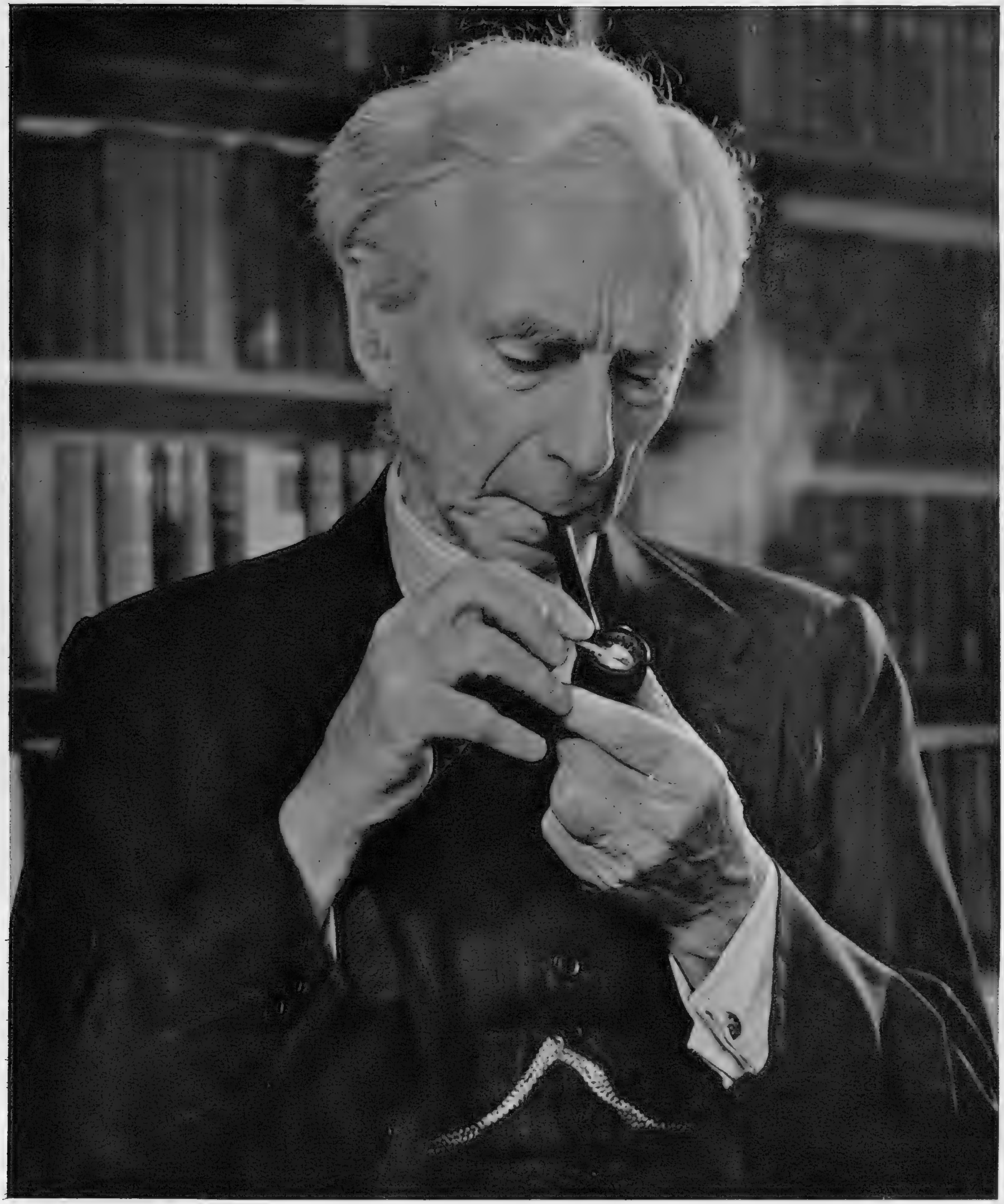
Watching the guests arrive from the window of No. 6, *l. to r.*, Miss Rosemary Gregory, Mr. Michael Riseley-Prichard, son of Mrs. Ward, and Miss Caroline Bartlett, her daughter.

Two of the guests, Miss Sonia Clark and Mr. Cyril Newton, enjoyed a joke together by a "garden gate."

Mr. Donald Watson-Farrar and Miss Jennifer Lawton voted cold drinks and hot sausages a good combination.



At the end of the evening, guests gathered around the rose-decked buffet for a good-night drink and a final chat.



Personality Parade—I

EARL RUSSELL

Photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Jitendra Arya

Earl Russell, philosopher, mathematician, writer and sometime embryonic diplomat, has a twinkling eye and engaging grin that belie his years. Orphaned in 1875 at the age of three, he was reared by a grandmother and educated by governesses and tutors until he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he distinguished himself in mathematics and philosophy. All his life he has lived simply, worked hard and occasionally abandoned philosophy for politics. His first important book, *The Principles of Mathematics*, was published in 1903. He classifies his philosophy as "logical atomism," and maintains that mathematics and formal logic are one. In the course of his eighty-one years his views have changed profoundly, but these changes have all proceeded naturally from the application of his logical method. Bertrand Russell is the youngest of octogenarians: he was married for the fourth time in December of last year, and this year published his first work of fiction, *Satan in the Suburbs*. Asked recently how he was spending his time, he replied that he was writing another book.

OUR BOOKSHELF

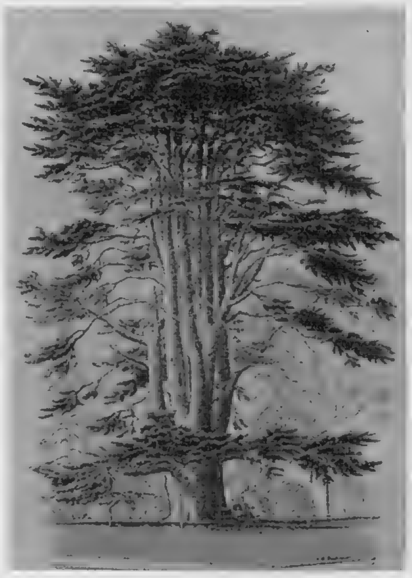
THE VERMILION BOAT. By Sudhin N. Ghose. (*Michael Joseph ; 18s.*)
A THOUSAND WITNESSES. By George Beardmore. (*Macdonald ; 9s. 6d.*)
THE DESIRE AND PURSUIT OF THE WHOLE. By Frederick Rolfe. (*Cassell ; 15s.*)
BUTTERFLY FARMER. By L. Hugh Newman. (*Phœnix House, Ltd. ; 16s.*)

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

NOT much good writing in English has come from Indian authors ; indeed, the only names which come to mind are those of Tagore and R. K. Narayan, men of widely different outlook and achievement. To these must now be added Sudhin N. Ghose, whose third book, *The Vermilion Boat*, establishes him as a writer of distinct and original qualities, a master of delicately ironical situation and a man of deep and articulate sympathies. In this book he tells the story of his student days in Calcutta, but with so many graceful digressions into the past, his own and the legendary past of India, that the reader loses the sense of following a severely laid plot and is content to let the author be as discursive as he pleases. The first fifty-seven pages, for instance, do no more than take the narrator from the country station from which he is seen off by his garrulous guardian Jogin-Da to Howrah Station, in Calcutta, a railway journey made as eventful and vivid as that of Kim. In the course of it we not only come to know the tricky, delightful character of Jogin-Da—an Indian version of Mr. H. E. Bates's Uncle Silas—but a number of fellow-passengers, like "a grave-looking man, a living replica of a bronze statue of Edward VII.", a fat man reminiscent of "the elephantine deity Ganesa, the god of Good Luck," a special pleader in the lower courts of law and so on. Moreover, we have returned to the house of the writer's grandmother and aunt in an old French settlement and seen the gorgeous countryside and laughed and sympathised and been hugely entertained. This is glorious stuff, full of gusto, humour and poetry.

NO digressions at all are allowed to himself by Mr. George Beardmore, whose new novel, *A Thousand Witnesses*, is a clean-cut story with a compelling plot and well-planted moral significance. It opens with a bang. A young married woman sent to the South of France to recover from the loss of her baby is awakened in the early hours of the morning by a quiet, insistent tapping on the window-pane. She finds that it is her husband's brother Martin, who had been sent to penal servitude for life five years earlier after being found guilty of a sordid murder. She admits him unwillingly, but allows him to tell her the past. During their conversation two facts emerge—that Martin was innocent of the crime for which he was convicted and that Clare loves him. We watch this pair together, see them go to Clare's husband and father and then go back with Clare to Verzerac, the village in which the murder was committed, and see her commence her forlorn enquiries. The pace grows faster as the whole story comes to light. Clare is inspired not only by her love for Martin, but her respect for her hardworking, sensible father, a Church of England clergyman whose teaching that one only lives in truth when one lives by truth underlies the whole story. This is a readable, convincing tale, with French characters no more overdrawn than the English ones.

THE choice made by publishers among out-of-print pre-war books of those to be re-issued now is often perplexing, and it is particularly so in the case of *The Desire and Pursuit of the Whole*, by Frederick Rolfe. This piece of malignant spitting at a number of not very impressive people by a creature of shabby nature and unbalanced mind has lost what bite or significance it ever had and is now of Bœotian dullness. Rolfe, who stumbled through life supported by paranoiac daydreams in which he received recognition for the literary gifts he believed himself to possess, or, as in his more interesting novel *Hadrian VII.*, in which he was not only accepted by the Church but made Pope, seems a dreary, smutty little figure from across the years since his death in Venice in 1913. His habit of invective dwindles to a snarl when one sees against whom it was used, mostly well-meaning, rather silly people who tried to help him, and his creation of an ideal in the boy Zildo, or the girl Zilda, who serves the protagonist of the book for love, is a sickly and rather repugnant thing. Indeed, Rolfe lives now as the subject of a most interesting experiment



"Cedar, Saling Grove, Essex," is one of the many charming illustrations from *Famous Trees*, by Richard St. Barbe Baker (Dropmore Press ; 42s.), who is an authority on trees and founded The Men of the Trees Society to protest against the indiscriminate destruction of forests.

in biography, *The Quest for Corvo*, by A. J. A. Symons, and as the author of *Hadrian VII.*, a work for which he conscripted all his talents. In the present book there are only the wet dog-ends of those talents, though a psychiatrist might find that such a revelation of a twisted mind, written in anguish, showing with pride the fissures, the work of a man obsessed with getting his own back on a world which did not recognise him as divine, might be worth study.

LASTLY a most delightful and unexpected book, *Butterfly Farmer*, by L. Hugh Newman. "Have you ever heard of a butterfly farmer ?" ask the publishers, and go on to say that the author runs a butterfly farm founded fifty years ago by his father at Bexley, in Kent, a farm which undertakes to supply the most peculiar orders from all over the world, or add to the collection under the lid of a schoolboy's desk. Mr. Newman, to whom many of us listen in Children's Hour, is a member of the team of Nature Parliament, and has written a number of nature books, but here he is easily autobiographical, telling of his father riding home from the station on a penny-farthing bicycle and not waiting to change out of city clothes before he rushed out in pursuit of butterflies, telling how Sir Winston Churchill visited the farm before the war and ordered 500 Peacock butterfly caterpillars for the grounds at Chartwell, telling how a Dominion Government ordered 60,000 living pupæ of a moth to combat a spread of weed. What gives the book enchantment is not only its unusual subject, but the fact that the author is an unusually good story-teller. A strong recommendation, and not only to naturalists.

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

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By Herbert Adams. (*Macdonald ; 9s. 6d.*)

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Edited by Eugene Todor. (*Neame ; 19s. 6d.*)
Everything an American woman should know when she visits the Continent.

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Day-by-day experiences and meditations by the Trappist Monk who wrote *Elected Silence.*

PENELOPE.
By Ann Bullingham. (*Macmillan ; 12s. 6d.*)
A happy and amusing novel about children and a West Country schoolmistress up against officialdom.

CALL OF THE SOIL.
By Crichton Porteous. (*Hale ; 10s. 6d.*)
An accountant takes to work in the country and finds it not all beer and skittles, but survives with the help of a Big Romance.

MISS FINNINGAN'S FAULT.
By Constantine Fitz Gibbon. (*Cassell ; 15s.*)
The author returned to Ireland to trace his ancestry and found a great many more interesting things to do and people to meet.

MAN ON THE TIGHT ROPE.
By Neil Paterson. (*Hodder and Stoughton ; 7s. 6d.*)
Long short story about a circus escaping from behind the Iron Curtain. It lacks the essential sense and feeling of circus life.

Royal Programme—1

Above :

WINDSOR

Flags and Coronation decorations gave Windsor a festive air on June 13th, when the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh met officials of the town during their State visit. Thousands lined the route as the Royal couple drove in an open landau drawn by four Windsor greys, attended by a Captain's Escort of the Household Cavalry bearing the Sovereign's Standard.

Left :

ETON

The Queen walking across the historic "playing-fields of Eton" with the Provost, Mr. Claude Elliott, on June 13th. At her Majesty's request, the boys were given three days' extra summer holiday in honour of her visit. The Royal party left Eton in an open landau for Windsor, where they were welcomed at the foot of Castle Hill by the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Mayor, Alderman Cyril Dyson, on whom the Queen later conferred a knighthood.

Royal Programme—2

The pleasure and excitement of the spectators in the Royal box are evident as the Queen's horse, *Choir Boy*, flashes past the post to win the Royal Hunt Cup for her Majesty on June 17th, the second day of Royal Ascot. It was an enormously popular win, and horse and rider (D. Smith) received a great ovation from the crowd when they returned to the enclosure.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrive for the first day, driving to the course via Tan Crossing.

Princess Margaret in the paddock before the second race on June 18th, wearing a gay printed silk dress and white, coolie-style hat.

The Queen, with Princess Margaret, inspects her winning horse, *Choir Boy*, after he had raced to victory in the Royal Hunt Cup.

It was a gay group in the unsaddling enclosure after the Royal Hunt Cup race, won by the Queen's *Choir Boy*. Here her Majesty chats with her trainer, Captain Boyd-Rochfort, while Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Norfolk add their congratulations.

THE QUEEN WINS AT ASCOT

There can never have been a more popular win at Ascot than that of the Queen's horse, *Choir Boy*, in the Royal Hunt Cup race on June 17th. *Choir Boy*, with Douglas Smith up, carried the Royal colours past the post amid scenes of wild cheering from the stands and the Heath and even from the Royal enclosure, where the delight of the spectators was quite obvious. The sun shone brightly, giving an air of gaiety to the occasion, and the enthusiasm has only been equalled by that which greeted Gordon Richards' win on Derby Day.

Royal Programme—3

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were amused at the canine intruder who obviously didn't bother to read the notice, and Lady Cowdray searched her handbag for a tit-bit. Lord Cowdray, however, kept his eye on the game.

The Queen walked in the sunshine with Lord Cowdray to the private enclosure before the final match in the polo Coronation Cup.

The Duke of Edinburgh received the Novices' Cup from the Queen on behalf of the Cowdray Park team, which beat Whiphill 5—0 in the final for this Cup. Her Majesty also presented a tankard to each member of the victorious home team.

POLO AT COWDRAY PARK

In spite of the dubious state of the weather, there was a record crowd of about 16,000 at Cowdray Park on June 21st when the Argentine team beat the English 7—6. The Queen, who was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, presented the Cup to the Argentine team, and also presented separate awards to each member. This was her Majesty's first visit to Cowdray Park for the polo this season, and she was able to see the Cowdray Park team, in which the Duke of Edinburgh played, win a 5—0 victory over Whiphill, in the Novices' Cup final, for which she also presented the awards.

Royal Programme—4

The Queen receiving the keys of the city from the Lord Provost, Sir James Miller, on her arrival in Edinburgh on June 23rd.

The colourful cavalcade passing down Princes Street: the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh with their escort of Household Cavalry.

Scottish judges walking in procession to St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, on June 24th, for the national service of thanksgiving and dedication.

At the Queen's express wish, the Honours of Scotland—the Crown, the Sword and the Sceptre—preceded her in the procession from Holyroodhouse to St. Giles' Cathedral. *Left:* The Duke of Hamilton carrying the Crown on a velvet cushion. His two sons accompanied him as pages. *Right:* Her Majesty returning the Crown into his care.

THE STATE VISIT TO SCOTLAND: ARRIVAL IN EDINBURGH: PROCESSION

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh walk behind the Duke of Hamilton as he carries the ancient Crown into the Cathedral at the commencement of the very impressive ceremony held there. The Crown, believed to have been made for Robert Bruce in 1314, is of gold from Scottish mines. With the Sword and Sceptre, it was borne in public on June 24th for the first time since all three were carried before King George IV. in 1822.

THROUGH THE CITY : SERVICE AT ST. GILES'

Royal Programme—4 (contd.)

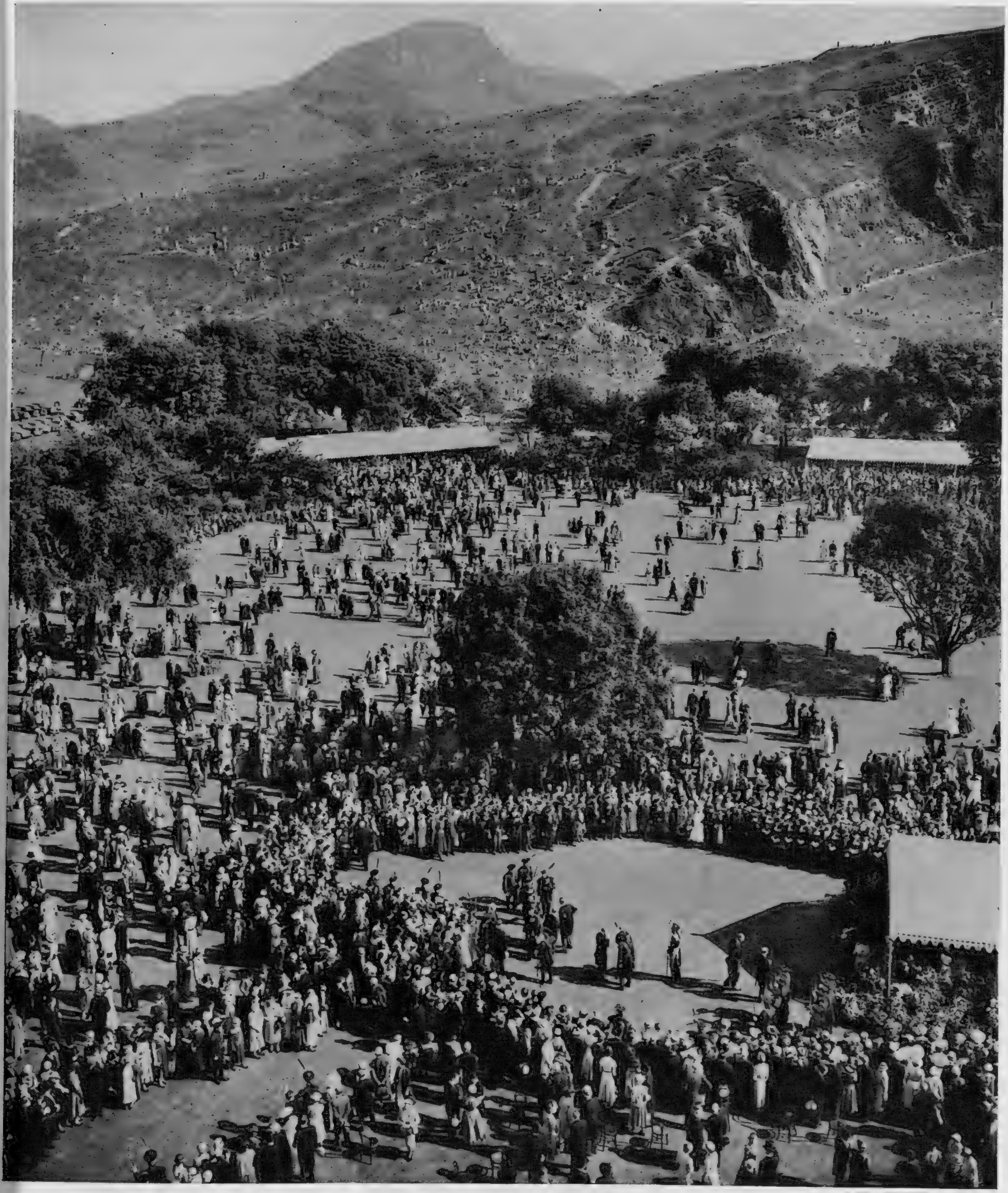
TREE-PLANTING

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh on their visit to the Meadows, Edinburgh, on June 23rd, with the Lord Provost, Sir James Miller, and Lady Miller. Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh each planted a double-flowering Japanese cherry tree in the Coronation Walk.

GARDEN-PARTY

There were 9000 guests at the Garden-Party at Holyroodhouse on June 24th, and thousands more spectators took advantage of the sunlit slopes of Arthur's Seat, which dominates the Palace gardens, to get a good view of the proceedings. The Queen, in a blue dress, broad-brimmed hat trimmed with black and with black accessories, and the

THE STATE VISIT TO SCOTLAND: THE TREE-PLANTING, AN



Duke, in morning dress, spent an hour-and-a-half chatting with the guests. In the picture on the left can be seen the feathered bonnets of the Royal Company of Archers, who form the Queen's bodyguard when she is in Scotland. That night, her Majesty attended the ball given by the Company in the Assembly Rooms.

HE GARDEN-PARTY AT HOLYROODHOUSE

Dancing took place in the Smoking Room, where a special floor had been laid for the Travellers' Club Ball. The splendid pictures—several Reynolds, two Van Dycks and a Claude—were silent witnesses of the gaiety where usually quiet reigns.

Guests reached the gardens via the Smoking Room bridge. *L. to r.:* Mr. A. R. Norman, Miss Gretchen Graebner, Mr. H. R. W. Vernon and Miss Hazel Vernon.

For the first time:

TRAVELLERS' CLUB BALL

The Travellers' Club, which was founded in 1819, held the first ball in its history on June 11th to celebrate the Coronation, and 550 guests filled to overflowing the Smoking Room, in which a special dance floor had been laid for the occasion, whilst from one window a bridge had been built out to the gardens below. The Library and the Morning Room were used as lounges and supper was served in the magnificent dining-room upstairs.

The Club was originally formed to provide a place where people who travelled abroad could meet and return hospitality to foreigners who had entertained them and it still invites all foreign ambassadors in London to be honorary members. And so the Coronation Ball became an international affair in honour of a great English occasion.

By "THE SKETCH" special photographer Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

Coming down the handsome staircase on their way to the ballroom after supper were Mrs. Julian Amery and H.E. the Ambassador from Saudi Arabia, Sheikh Hafiz Wahba.

The Library became a lounge for the night of the ball and a small bar had been built at one end of it. Enjoying a brief spell from the dance floor were Mrs. Robert Mathew, Lady Rayleigh, Mr. M. Dugdale and Mr. Robert Mathew.

Lord and Lady Bethel with Mrs. McDonald and the Hon. William Bethel took their refuge from the throng on the landing outside the Library.

Guests assembled at the foot of the main staircase and were announced into the main ballroom where they were received by the Earl and Countess of Rothes.

Mr. M. Gulbenkian was in the hall, in earnest conversation with Mrs. Ryan and Lady Salisbury.

The Chairman of the Travellers' Club with his wife: the Earl and Countess of Rothes.

Out in the gardens for a spell were H.E. the French Ambassador, M. René Massigli (*left*), with M. and Mme. Claude Lebel.

L. to r.: Mr. Mark Longman, Lady Elizabeth Longman, Lady Anglesey and Mr. Mark Bonham Carter found their quiet spot near the pillars in the library.

And the only clear space in the ballroom appeared to be just inside the door where we found (*centre*) Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd and Prince Abdul Illah of Iraq.

Candid Commentaries : by Credendus

St. Ives Revisited

Sketches by Susan Benson

I FIND Cornwall enigmatic. It has no cultural background, specific literature, or individualistic self-consciousness, yet it is strangely different . . . so unlike Devon . . . so unlike England. There lies the clue. Cornwall is foreign; its sons come from another stock; its tongue is alien. Seldom have I found folk-lore so spiced with weird legends of saints, pixies, hauntings, giants and the evil eye. It is like coming face to face with a living particle of Celtic Britain.

Unfortunately, few visitors ever locate this Cornwall. Instead they flock in their thousands to recognised centres as if mindful of the words Mark Sheridan used to sing, "You can do a lot of things at the seaside that you can't do in the town." I thought how right he was when I revisited St. Ives. I could walk barefoot on stones intermingled with broken glass; I could inhale the peculiar ozone of those parts of the beach which the sea thought fit to ignore. I could listen to the cries of children "as shrill as swifts in upper air." I watched weary parents handling pails that refused to hold water, using spades that were never intended to dig. I wandered off Porthminster beach with sand in my shoes and hair thick with salt to a meal in a hotel that was not as comfortable as home. I decided that littoral pleasures can be over-rated in spite of the testimony of shoals of letters and lewd postcards that everybody is having a wonderful time.

The first glimpse of Porthminster beach from St. Ives Station : a view known to thousands of holiday-makers.

I do not under-estimate the formative experiences inherent in school holidays. Self-analysis is a safe guide. Searching back to puberty and beyond, I recall in vivid detail the thrill of going to the sea. A child knows nothing of such cynicisms as landlady-ridden lodgings or hotel inconveniences. Going away is a crescendo of pleasures . . . an unconscious transfiguration of things both trite and commonplace . . . and St. Ives has its quota for adult and child.

I walked by the harbour at night, climbed to the old shrine of St. Ia on the Island, and even went as far as Clodgy Point, before seeking the warm companionship of the Sloop Inn. The quaint little streets and doll-like houses had plenty of character. At first sight I thought here was real Cornish life, yet appearances can be deceptive. Many of the occupants hailed from London, Lancashire, Yorkshire and the Midlands. One cottage was like an overflow meeting from Chelsea. There were studios galore, some peopled by young folk who looked upon life with the intensity their calling was supposed to demand. The air was thick with paint and commercialisation . . . no doubt Cornish cream for the gullible, but for me it was not Cornwall.

I decided to cover the few miles to Land's End to see if I could locate the true spirit of Cornwall. I found the last outpost of England like a parking-ground for charabancs . . . a welter of litter, concrete, lavatories, ice-cream vendors, and fumes . . . a parody of what Nature intended for the uttermost limits of man's habitation. Not far away I found what I sought. The isolation of Cape Cornwall was indescribably lonely. Here at last was the heart of Cornwall. I looked down on billowing masses of jagged peaks of rocks encircled by foam-swept water. Mountain masses of clouds were moving in from the Atlantic. The silence was almost tangible. Such a scene is the life-blood of Cornwall. The sea has been one of the two occupations from which livelihoods have been filched. After the harvest of the sea, mining was the second means of subsistence. I felt that the debris and derelict shafts scattered round Camborne formed the signature of man's attempt to harvest the earth.

I left these commentaries on Celtic folk-lore and returned to the escapism of St. Ives. If only the artists would remember Sir Joshua Reynolds' advice that a mere copier of nature can never produce anything great.

Painting in the s

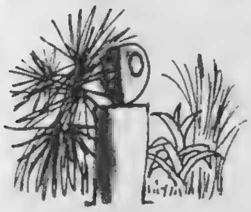
Papa

An artist's fam

The church

Taking it easy.

In the public library.

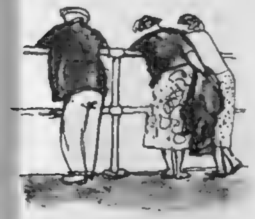


Hepworth and palms.

An old sailor relaxes.

d-castles.

A busy time in the shopping centre.



Holiday visitors.

A boatman waiting for fares.

arbour at low tide.

The lighthouse on Smeaton Pier.

★ AT THE THEATRE ★

with J. C. TREWIN

The Private Life of Helen

(Globe)

THE Trojan War is over. Here she is, home again, the queen of the thousand ships, heaven-born Helen. Sparta is her setting; Menelaus is once more at her side, and she must calm down to a quiet life, or try at least to forget her triumphs. "Don't you think, Helen, that you 've had your day?" What a thing is that to say to a woman who can still exclaim proudly: I *was* the Trojan War"? It is quite clear that Helen, in private life, has no intention of being mildly dutiful. There is a light in that eye, decision in the set of the mouth. She is yet dazzling—being Miss Diana Wynyard, how could she be otherwise?—and there will be good times still before sunset over Sparta. She has a daughter, Hermione, very much a chip of the same Greek marble. What happens now to Helen and to Hermione, and to that well-meaning Menelaus, who to get his wife back has helped to burn the topless towers of Ilium?

The answer is at the Globe Theatre. André Roussin provides it. That is, he provides it in collaboration with Madeleine Gray. They took it from the novel of John Erskine. And Arthur Macrae has taken it from their text. Helen, it seems, continues to give trouble. The answer, when we get it, takes an entire evening, and I am not sure that it is a very profitable one. The joke is moderately witty; it is treated with finesse by Miss Wynyard and Cecil Parker, by Janette Scott (Hermione) and Arthur Macrae himself as Chorus. But I cannot say that it keeps us all hilarious for more than two hours. Indeed, there is ample time to look at the cast, and to observe, with displeasure, that there is nobody else to come—nobody, at least, except Telemachus. When the dear fellow arrives, acted by Leo Ciceri, he has not a word to say, but he joins with relish in five minutes of mime that, interpreted verbally by Mr. Macrae at the side of the stage, does end the evening joyfully. And it shows that Helen is indomitable. Poor Menelaus; there will be a lot of trouble yet.

In effect, the piece laughs at Greek tragedy. The wildest things are happening outside the palace. Bodies seem to be strewn about Sparta. But on the stage—according to tradition—we observe only the talkative reactions of Helen and Menelaus, Hermione and Eteoneus (who is the door-keeper-Chorus, spoken by Arthur Macrae in what sounded to me like the tones of Sir Lewis Casson). Mr. Parker, blandly blithering, has the night's best speech. "To kill one's mother," he says in effect, "is bad; to kill one's guest is worse; to kill one's mother who is also one's guest is the height of ill-breeding." Undeniably he has something there. A genealogical table, early in the programme, explains how everybody is related to everyone else; and where, for example, Agamemnon, Clytemnestra and Orestes come into the business. (They do not come into the theatre. A pity.)

Some playgoers may feel, I am afraid, that the comedy meanders with a mazy motion. Others may concede M. Roussin and/or Mr. Macrae's wit, and regret that it has to garnish so thin a play. After laughing a lot on the night, I forget what exactly it was that I laughed at. The dialogue, except for a phrase or two scratched on my programme, does not fix itself in the mind, though Miss Wynyard's smile does, and Mr. Parker's genial-buffer intonation. James Bailey's classical décor is charming; but the play it decorates is unlikely (I hazard) to become a classic.

The Taming of the Shrew

(Stratford-upon-Avon)

NO heaven-born Helen here; simply "Kate the curst" who is also "bonny Kate" (Yvonne Mitchell sees to that) and young Petruchio's wife. Among Shakespeareans, the *Shrew*—adapted, we may suppose, from *Kiss Me, Kate!*—is an acquired taste. Laboriously acted, it can wane to noisy tedium. At Stratford, where we have seen it done in all manner of ways—acceptably as a rule—George Devine has approached it now as less of a shouting, whip-lashing farce than as a comedy of genuine character. It is quieter; we feel that Katherina, who is not just an angry vixen, might well pair off with a Petruchio from Verona, "Antonio's son"—it seems a thin enough identification—who has some humour in his eye and is not merely a roaring, bullying tough.

The plan works. The toned-down *Shrew* becomes pleasant to hear and to see, thanks to the speaking of Yvonne Mitchell—even if Ada Rehan might not have understood this performance—and of Marius Goring, and to the setting by Vivienne Kernot. This is most craftily designed—an Elizabethan hall, gilded and galleried, through whose windows we observe the changing scenes, a Paduan townscape, maybe, or a country picture. It is simple, daring, successful. And it is an imaginative idea of Mr. Devine, at the play's end, to let us see how Sly—after waking from the "dream" in the manner of the source-play—notices something vaguely familiar about the figures that pass him in the dawn. Like Bottom, he is on the brink of some astonishing remembrance: "Past the wit of man to say what dream it was."

The lesser parts are all agreeably managed, especially Tony Britton's gay Lucentio and the Gremio of Donald Eccles.

THE BAD SAMARITAN—William Douglas Home's play opened at the Criterion last Wednesday (June 24). Set in the sitting-room of the Deanery in an English Cathedral town, we find (*l. to r.*) the Dean's wife (Jessie Winter), the Dean (George Relph), Brian (Michael Denison) and Jane (Heather Stannard).

Iolanthe

(Sadler's Wells)

"TANTANTARA! Tzing! Boom!" When the Peers, fully robed, made their majestic entrance into the Arcadian glade, we knew that this was the perfect Savoy Opera for the season. It was an exciting night—not only because a competent revival of *The Peer and the Peri* must enchant listeners rightly in tune with Gilbert and Sullivan, but also because the D'Oyly Carte company was more than competent, singing and acting (for the most part) with grace and freshness, and never seeming to be pinned in those head-clamps once dear to a Victorian photographer. It is a comparison that sometimes has been too much in the mind at a G.-and-S. revival. Nothing of the sort now. The cast keeps the renewed charm of the last years. My only complaint—and it is not shared by one distinguished Savoy authority—is that the diction is less clear than usual.

Still, we have hope enough for years ahead. Peter Pratt, who now takes what some of us insist on calling the Lytton parts, is going to be a first-rate susceptible Chancellor. He has the tang of a good dry sherry. There is the neatness we expect from a D'Oyly Carte lead; time will increase his mastery of the patter-songs. As it is, the Nightmare is clicking into place already. For me Mr. Pratt's Chancellor has two special delights: the sudden dancing whirl-and-flourish in "Faint heart never won fair lady!", and the tone in which he utters the line, "Allow me, as an old Equity draughtsman, to make a suggestion."

There are few grumbles elsewhere, though I have heard Mountararats happier with "When Britain really ruled the waves" (this must always be Darrell Fancourt's song). But Ivor Evans is serviceable; and there is work in the correct tradition by Tatiana Preston as the porcelain Phyllis, by Joyce Wright as Iolanthe (even if I wish she would let us hear the words of that queerly moving sentimental ballad: "He loves! If in the bygone years . . ."); and, especially, by Ann Drummond-Grant, whose Queen of the fairies is the best I remember for a long time. The Dukes, Marquises, Earls, etc., and their fairy brides are in good voice and spirits. Under Isidore Godfrey's musical direction, *Iolanthe* runs as it should. What does Strephon say?—

Pray banish your sorrow!
With joy beyond telling
My bosom is swelling,
So join in a measure
Expressive of pleasure. . . .

Welcome, then, to Arcady, and to Palace Yard, Westminster.

Set to Music

(New Watergate)

IT is good to meet Norman Marshall on the programme of the New Watergate. During the nineteen-thirties the names of Marshall and of the old Gate Theatre in Villiers Street marched together: the Gate Theatre revues are a blithe memory. Now we welcome Mr. Marshall to the Watergate, the little place in Buckingham Street that has been turned into one of the most agreeable intimate theatres in London. The authors and the composers of the new intimate revue—familiar names, Diana Morgan, Robert MacDermot, Ronnie Hill, and others—have the world for parish; this is not mere coterie-clumping. Much of it has the right flick; and whether the theme be zebra crossings, 3-D, invisible menders, or ex-monarchs in retirement, the cast approaches it with unwavering good humour. My favourite number is "I 'm in love with B flat"—Ivan Staff has here a look of ineffable bliss—but John Glyn-Jones's mock-turtle Italian in "Capelli" takes my heart as well. Noel Dyson, Lois Green, and the rest keep us cheerful and the revue—did I mention this?—is under the direction of Norman Marshall.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

A REPRESENTATIVE OF INDIAN CULTURE

Srimati Rekha Devi has been described as one of the foremost exponents of the revived art of Indian dancing. She combines a flowing grace of movement with absolute precision in timing in a performance that is the envy of many professional dancers. This talented young artiste comes of a good family in Lahore. She graduated from Punjab University in Fine Arts, and her paintings have won a number of all-India prizes. Rekha came to England last year on a scholarship to study stage setting, décor, lighting and choreography at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts with a view to presenting Indian dancing in the modern ballet form, and hopes to give a week of recitals at a West End theatre in the autumn before returning to India early next year. She has made an invaluable contribution to the cause of Anglo-Indian relations, and is the moving spirit behind the Cultural Committee of the India League. She is married, her husband being a research student at the London School of Economics.

JUNE 10th.—ROYAL COUSINS. The Duke of Kent and Princess Alexandra (*left*) escorted their cousin, Princess Elisabeth of Yugoslavia, when she left London Airport for Paris after attending the Coronation.

JUNE 11th.—ANGLO-SCANDINAVIAN CORONATION BALL. Norway, Sweden and Denmark combined for a joint ball at the Roehampton Club. *Left :* Princess Astrid of Norway was chatting to H.E. the Ambassador for Sweden, M. Gunnar Hägglöf, over coffee after dinner. *Right :* Mr. F. W. Chambers and Miss F. Chalk had a drink at the bar.

JUNE 12th.—PORTSMOUTH NAVAL REVIEW BALL. Prior to the great Naval Review in Spithead, the C.-in-C., Portsmouth was at the Review Ball in the R.N. Barracks. *L. to r. :* Lady Edelsten, Admiral Sir John H. Edelsten, C.-in-C., Portsmouth, Lady McGrigor and Admiral of the Fleet Sir Rhoderick McGrigor.

JUNE 13th.—A PARADE OF JUDGES. *L. to r. :* The Earl of Athlone, the Duke of Beaufort, Major K. P. Wallis, who judged the Hunters with the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Hardy and the Hon. Mrs. W. J. Baird, who judged the Ladies' Side-Saddle Class at the Richmond Royal Coronation Horse Show.

Notes and Pictures from

Our Social Diary

AN unusual cabaret enlivened the Colonial Coronation Ball at Grosvenor House on June 9th : African Chief Ladipo Solanke appeared in full ceremonial costume, a group of Yorubans performed in weird masks, Malayan dancers and the Trinidad Steel Band all contributed to the fun. We saw the Duchess of Kent dancing with the young Duke of Kent, vivacious Lady Huggins, wife of the former Governor of Jamaica, and Lady Moira Lyttelton, wife of the Colonial Secretary. Mrs. Roger Frewen wore quite the prettiest dress in the room—a green and white striped crinoline with a cascade of real pink roses sewn on the skirt at the last minute. Sir Victor Sassoon was being congratulated about his Derby-winning *Pinza*. The Misses Maureen O'Brien, Carol Alexander, and Sub-Lieuts. Charles Williams and Jonathan Findlay were among the many young people there.

The Lebanese Ambassador and his sister, Mlle. Alexa Khouri, had a cheerful buffet supper-party in honour of the Lebanese delegation to the Coronation. It was such a warm evening that most people migrated to the garden. The Saudi Arabian Ambassador brought his three very pretty daughters ; we heard him having a long talk with M. Abdul Hakki, the Egyptian Ambassador—but it was all in Arabic.

JUNE 10th.—People at two different balls got mixed up at the Dorchester, and some, supposed to be guests of Mrs. Hubert Raphael's, found themselves at the Royal and Merchant Navies' Ball instead. We went first to the coming-out party for Mrs. Raphael's daughter, Miss Heather Turner Laing, who wore a lovely white tulle dress spattered with pearls and diamanté. Lady Mary Burghley, Lady Lindsay and Lady Howard de Walden gave dinner-parties beforehand, and among the many debs. were Lady Malvina Murray, Lady Rosula Windsor-Clive and Lady Rose Bligh—partners included Mr. Graham Turner Laing, Mr. Brian Harrison and Mr. Rodney Napier.

At the Navy dance, for King George's Fund for Sailors, we found Admiral Sir William Tennant, Lady Corrie, wife of Sir James Corrie, Lord Inchcape, and Captain Paton, R.N., who had collected a large party of fellow-officers who had served with him in Malta during the war.

JUNE 11th.—At the Primrose League's Coronation Ball, *Disraeli*, in the shape of a lively black puppy, was auctioned and bought by Mr. Alfred Bossom, M.P. Sir Winston Churchill, who is Grand Master of the League, couldn't be there, so his daughters, Miss Sarah Churchill and Mrs. Christopher Soames, cut the League's seventieth birthday cake instead. Lady Mancroft, chairman of the Ball, was there with her husband ; so were Lady Barnby, in a magnificent tiara, and Lord and Lady Killearn.

The young Shaikh Muhammed bin Sulman al-Khalifah, son of his Highness the Shaikh of Bahrain, helped receive guests at the reception his

JUNE 11th.—ANNIVERSARY BANQUET. The Highland Society of London held their 156th anniversary banquet at Grosvenor House. *L. to r.:* The Hon. A. G. Cameron (the Speaker of the Australian House of Representatives), Lieut.-Colonel Donald Cameron of Lochiel (president of the Highland Society), Mrs. Donald Cameron of Lochiel, Mrs. A. Cameron and the Hon. James G. Stuart (Secretary of State for Scotland). Among others present were the Duke and Duchess of Argyll.

JUNE 12th.—TALKING OF INDIA. Mr. Krishna Menon, former High Commissioner for India to Great Britain, and Honorary President of the India League, chatted with Indian dancers Kumari Kamala (*left*) and Rekha Devi (see also page 25) at the India League Offices.

JUNE 16th.—SCOTTISH WEDDING. The Hon. Julia Blunt-Mackenzie, elder daughter of Lord Tarbat of Castle Leod, Strathpeffer, married Mr. Francis Hadwen at St. Anne's Episcopal Church, Strathpeffer. *L. to r.:* Lord Tarbat, the bridegroom and bride, Miss Gillian Blunt-Mackenzie (bridesmaid), Lady Tarbat and Mr. Michael Inchbald (best man). Trainbearers were John Blunt-Mackenzie and Frances Dick.

JUNE 19th.—YET ANOTHER WIN. The Aga Khan, accompanied by the Begum Aga Khan, went to Ascot for the last day of the Royal meeting and saw his horse *Lord Fox* (C. Smirke up) win the Queen Alexandra Stakes.

father held at Claridge's on June 11th, when visitors from many countries met his English friends. We noted the beautiful dresses worn by the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Dashwood, Mrs. Tufton Beamish and Mme. de Sorrente, wife of the Swiss Minister, and the Marchioness of Winchester's exquisite hand-made sari.

JUNE 15th.—Spent a very pleasant afternoon afloat getting occasional glimpses of the Queen as H.M.S. *Surprise* passed up and down the tremendously impressive lines of ships anchored off Spithead. Then off to Ryde for the Royal Victoria Yacht Club's Review Ball, where more thrills—and, unhappily, spills—were in store. Everyone had crowded the balconies in front of the club-house to get a good view of the fireworks, when suddenly, as the first rocket went up, one of the balconies came down. Luckily no one was badly hurt, and Commander Vernon Bullin, the Club's Rear-Commodore, quickly roped off the danger area. Lieut.-Colonel F. A. Sclater was dancing gaily despite a cut head; Mrs. Ian Stewart did lightning repairs to her dress. Sir Peter Macdonald, Conservative M.P. for the island, Captain H. W. Edwards, the Club's Commodore, and Lady Jermyn found a secure vantage-point to watch the rest of the fireworks. Others seen were Sir Robert Hobart, Colonel and Mrs. Scott-Moncrieff, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Irons and Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Coombes.

JUNE 16th.—Alderman and Mrs. Charles Russell—he is the new Mayor of Westminster—shook hands with 1000 guests at their Coronation reception for overseas visitors at the Dorchester. We met Chevalier Fernando, from Ceylon; Chief Vousa, from the Solomon Islands, wearing a "vala" with his tails; the Sultan of Lahej, and Mme. Malik, wife of the Soviet Ambassador. Chief Sodipo, from Nigeria, in blue and silver robes, introduced his son, Dr. John Sodipo, who refused to be parted from his umbrella. On the British side were Lady Coningham, talking to Lady Addison; Lady Mountevans, Sir John Rothenstein, and Lady White, wife of the Australian High Commissioner, discussing the Spithead Review with Admiral Sir Rhoderick McGrigor.

JUNE 17th.—Nearly all the eye-catching Ascot creations were hidden under duster coats and mackintoshes; spiky sandals were soon mud-soaked, and only the very rich dared risk their mink. Mrs. J. V. Rank looked warm in a royal blue tweed suit; so did the Duchess of Devonshire in a black coat and little flowered hat.

JUNE 18th.—Gold Cup Day, and at last the umbrellas were replaced by parasols. We noticed Lady D'Avigdor Goldsmith in black and white printed chiffon; Mrs. Gerald Legge, whose cart-wheel hat was edged with tufts of ostrich feathers; Mrs. Edward Lambton, outstandingly attractive in white with an enormous pale blue hat; the chic Begum Aga Khan wearing black organza; Lady Derby in pink, and Lady Blandford in mauve.

JUNE 19th.—Lady St. John of Bletso and Mrs. Vivian Bond gave a wonderful dance at Wargrave Court, in Berkshire, for Mrs. Bond's daughter, Jacintha, who looked sweet in pink organza. Hidden fairy-lights lit up the garden; Mr. Dominic Elwes and Mr. James Tennant, Lord Glenconner's son, helped with the impromptu cabaret—among the audience were the Misses Elizabeth Fiennes, Caroline Clive, and Messrs. Carl Mosselmans and Peter Presland and Lord Abinger.

On page 582 of our last issue we published a photograph taken at *Le Bal Royal* showing Lady Victor Paget with Mrs. Michael Lewis and Mr. Harold Whitmore, whom we wrongly named Mr. Harold Payne. We offer our apologies for this mistake.

Dining in the Regency Restaurant before the Ball were Miss Pamela Foster (*centre, foreground*) and (*clockwise*) Mr. Simon Bowes-Lyon, Miss Julia Scott, Mr. Robert Wallace Turner, Miss Felicity Jameson, Mr. Jock Bruce Gardyne, Miss Joanna Grant, Mr. Dominic Jones, Miss Stella Jebb, Viscount Lumley, Miss Sarah Wolton, Mr. Jeremy Renton, Miss Joanna Woodall and Mr. Francis Crossley.

Mr. Michael Miller and Miss Catherine Christie.

Indian visitors Mr. Nandini Mehth and partner.

Mr. and Mrs. Chitmoung admire the "ice" coach.

Lieut. S. M. Thompson and friend.

(*L. to r., back row*) Mr. P. Bishop, Mr. L. Mitchen, Mr. J. Angus and Mr. M. Butt, and (*l. to r., front*) Miss J. Ball, Miss J. Webb, Miss Judy Gay and Miss I. McTurk having a cocktail in "rooms."

Many parties were held in college "rooms"—this foursome included (*l. to r.*) Mr. F. P. Neill, Miss C. Debenham, Miss J. Klegg and Mr. J. Macaskie.

MAGDALEN COMMEMORATION BALL

Over 1000 people danced until well after sunrise at Magdalen College, Oxford, Commem. Ball on June 22nd. Fountains in the cloisters were floodlit, so were the famous Magdalen Water-Walks, and romantic fairy-lights decorated the lawns leading down to the river. Luckily the weather was perfect, and the open-air dance floor was even more popular than the one sheltered by a marquee.

Cooling off outside were Mr. Oliver Carson and Miss S. Howell.

MISS CATHERINE SPENCER

By Aubrey Davidson-Houston.

This striking portrait of Miss Catherine Spencer, nineteen-year-old daughter of the Hon. and Mrs. George Spencer of Langton Hall, Market Harborough, appeared in the exhibition of Aubrey Davidson-Houston's works at Walker's Galleries in New Bond Street, which closed on June 29th. Miss Spencer is a niece of Earl Spencer and of Lady Lavinia Annaly, Lady Margaret Douglas-Home and Lady Delia Peel, who is an Extra Woman of the Bedchamber to Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. There is another of Mr. Davidson-Houston's fine portraits on the next page, in the selection of paintings from recent exhibitions.

SUMMER. By A. Egerton Cooper.

GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA. By Jacob Epstein.

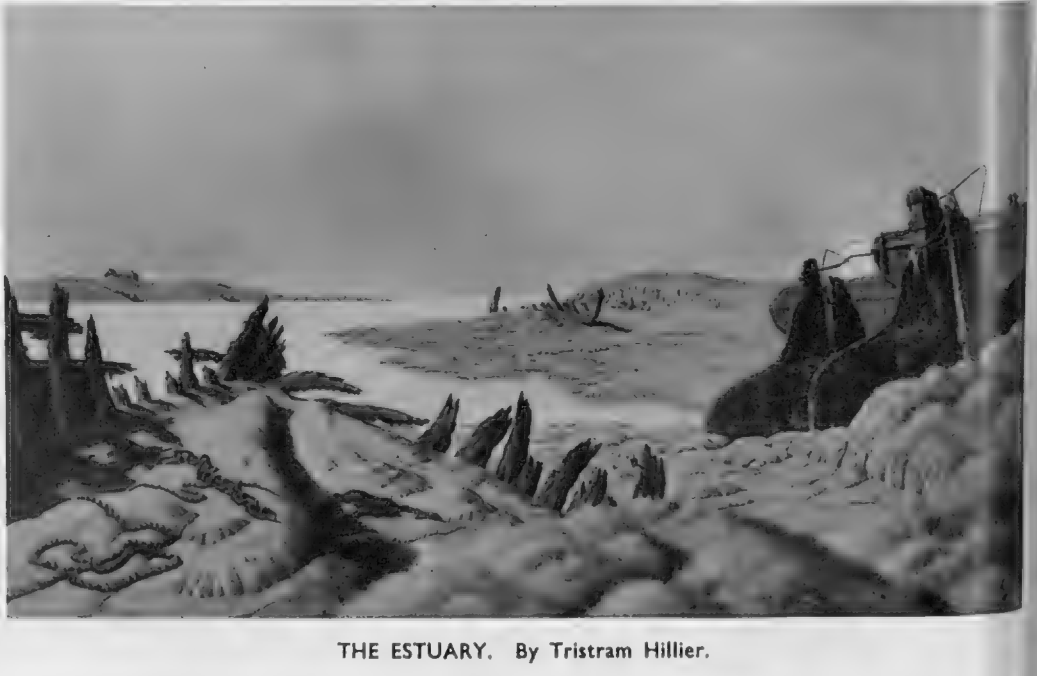
MRS. MICHAEL PRICE.
By Aubrey Davidson-Houston.

STUDY OF A GIRL'S HEAD.
By Graham Clark.

Around the

At this time of the year, the galleries are always interesting, and we have selected for reproduction some of the works which particularly took our notice in recent weeks. The summer exhibition by the Royal Society of British Artists, which closes on July 4th, has probably been the most thoroughly patronised, chiefly because of the comprehensive selection they always display. From their galleries in Suffolk Street, we have chosen *Summer*, by A. Egerton Cooper, R.B.A.; *Study of a Girl's Head*, by Graham Clark, R.B.A.; *Woo-Lo-I*, by Adrian Allinson, R.B.A.; *Corinne*, by Francis Helps, and *The Goddess of Simætha's Spell*, by Margaret Barnard. *The Estuary*, by Tristram Hillier, and *The White Feather Boa*, by Augustus John, are from the Redfern Gallery's exhibition of contemporary paintings, which will

WOO-LO-I. By Adrian Allinson.



THE ESTUARY. By Tristram Hillier.

THE WHITE FEATHER BOA. By Augustus John.

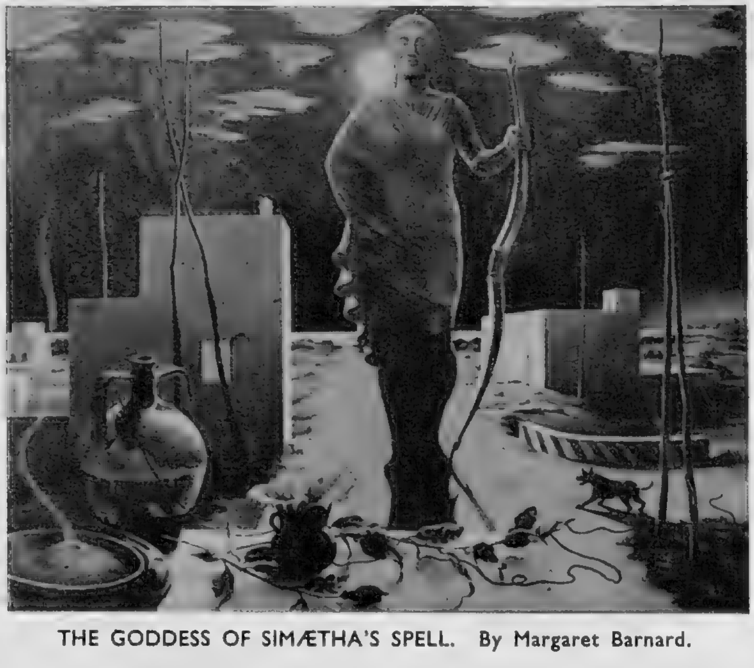
ROOF OF THE WORLD. By Kanwal Krishna.

VANGUARDS OF FAITH. By Kanwal Krishna.

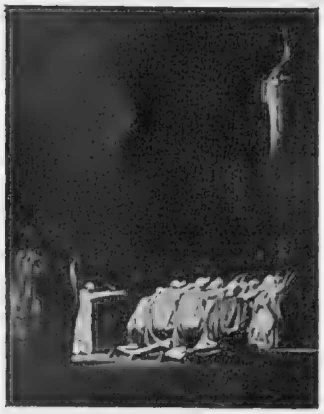
Art Galleries

be open to the public until July 25th : this exhibition also contains works by Henry Moore, Victor Pasmore, Matthew Smith, Duncan Grant and Eduardo Paolozzi, as well as many other well-known contemporaries. The bust of Gina Lollobrigida by Epstein is from the exhibition of his recent portraits at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, which will be open until July 7th. This is a particularly interesting showing of his work, and there is a very fine bust of Earl Russell there, besides those of many well-known figures. The two watercolours by the Punjab-born Kanwal Krishna (*right*) are from the recent exhibition of his works held at the India Club in Craven Street. This was a very striking collection, containing some excellent portraiture as well as his powerful tempera paintings from the Himalayas.

CORINNE. By Francis Helps.



THE GODDESS OF SIMÆTHA'S SPELL. By Margaret Barnard.



GROWTH OF APOLLO

Reading from the top, these pictures show: Christopher Ironside discussing his *maquette* for the giant statue of Apollo with Harry Kellard, property manager at Glyndebourne. Then with Anthony Besch, *left*, and Moran Caplat, *right*, they study the half-finished statue. Next, the great statue on stage during a rehearsal, and finally, the temple scene from the first act, with the priests worshipping Apollo.

Leading personalities at Glyndebourne discussing costumes and sets for *Alceste*: *l. to r.*: Miss Rosemary Vercoe, who designed the costumes; Moran Caplat, Glyndebourne's general manager; Sir Hugh Casson, who designed the sets; Christopher Ironside, responsible for the giant statue of Apollo, and Professor Carl Ebert, who has been producer at Glyndebourne since its inception.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT GLYNDEBOURNE

HANDEL once said of Christoph Willibald Gluck, whose opera *Alceste* is one of this season's productions at Glyndebourne: "He knows no more counterpoint than my cook." This was by no means irrelevant criticism, since the real use of counterpoint gives a depth of harmonic expression which the composer attained only in his most inspired moments. But *Alceste*, produced by Professor Carl Ebert, with Vittorio Gui conducting, contains Gluck's grandest music. It was first produced with an Italian libretto at the *Burg Theatre*, Vienna, on Boxing Day 1767, and in April 1776 with a French libretto by du Roullet, at the *Paris Opéra*. Rousseau wrote of a conversation he had with the composer after the first performance of the French version: Gluck exclaimed, "*Alceste est tombée!*" Rousseau replied, "*Oui, mais elle est tombée du ciel.*"

The success of the production at Glyndebourne is in strong contrast to that of the operas Gluck himself produced by invitation at the *Haymarket* in London in 1745, at the age of thirty-one, which certainly brought him little acclaim. To-day at Glyndebourne, two centuries later, it is a different story, and we take you behind the scenes to meet the characters in it—a lovely young Hungarian singer, one of England's cleverest young architect-designers, the producer, and some of the many others responsible for the presentation of this composition which has so well stood the test of time.

Photographed by Guy Gravett.

Left:
Mr. Leo Quayle, Chorus Master, conducts in pleasantly informal style a rehearsal of the chorus of *Alceste*.

Girls at work on one of the garlands for the dancers, in the property room behind the stage, where all the smaller "props" are made.

Rosemary Vercoe designed the costume for Hungarian-born Magda Laszlo, who sings the title-rôle. Here she gives a fitting.

The cast on stage during the last act of *Alceste*, showing the clever construction of the set with the neatly-contrived niche holding a "live" representation of the god Apollo. There has been much praise for the production's sets, which represent the first venture into theatrical designing on the part of Sir Hugh Casson, whose Coronation decorations found such great favour with the public.

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

The Captain's Paradise

(*Plaza*)

ALMOST any film with Alec Guinness is a confident choice. This one undoubtedly is. It is a cheerful and ingenious bit of nonsense, directed by old sea-dog Anthony Kimmins, with the adroit Mr. Guinness as the skipper of a ferry steamer plying between Gibraltar and Kalik in North Africa, with a wife in either port.

At *Mon Repos* in Gibraltar, his official wife (Celia Johnson) provides him with all the comforts and occasional *longuers* of home. At *Le Nid*, in Kalik, his bigamous wife (Yvonne de Carlo) is waiting for him with champagne and other delights. For several years the Captain is deluded into thinking he has solved the problem of human happiness by this arrangement. The gradual discovery of his error provides the substance of the picture. The substance is definitely thin. But it would be ungrateful to pick holes in a film that has so much good humour, such shrewd touches of observation, and such a delightful and startling twist at the end.

Alec Guinness's performance is most elegant, a thing of high comedy style. I had never expected to see Mr. Guinness dancing in an Algerian night-club with a rose between his teeth. But then, up to last fortnight, I had never expected to hear Sir Laurence Olivier singing the leading part in an opera. These surprises happen, and sometimes they come off remarkably well. As the official wife, Celia Johnson never misses a trick; and after watching her play a series of mainly suffering and humdrum characters on the screen, it is splendid to see her given a chance to use her natural sense of fun. Yvonne de Carlo seems a bit out-classed dramatically by her fellow-stars, but she keeps her end up considerably better than some of us had expected.

Single-Handed

(*Odeon, Marble Arch*)

THIS is a new version of C. S. Forester's early work, *Brown on Resolution*, made by an American company in England, with a British director, Roy Boulting. The story of the lonely naval rating with a rifle, who holds a German raider at bay in a land-locked lagoon long enough for the British flagship to approach and sink her, has been brought up-to-date. The war is the Second World War; the hero, a love-child born as the result of a casual mating in the First World War, is a Canadian serving with a British cruiser squadron in the Pacific. This change has presumably been made to accommodate a young Hollywood player, Jeffrey Hunter, in the leading part. In a fresh-faced, earnest way, he does well enough; but not so well as to obliterate the memory of our own John Mills, who played this boy so well in the original British version.

The battle-scenes, staged with the co-operation of the Royal Navy, strike me as remarkably impressive, and naval men to whom I have spoken seem to find them impressive, too. The personal story doesn't come off so well, and I felt that Wendy Hiller as Brown's mother, and Michael Rennie as his unwitting father are hardly given the opportunities they deserve. Mr. Rennie, it's true, is able to wear some handsome uniforms as the captain in command of the squadron, and gets into the action quite a lot. But his part isn't really *integrated*; the character has no chance to grow. As for poor Miss Hiller, she is never seen at all, between the short prologue in which (presumably) Brown is conceived, and the short finale, in which she receives Brown's posthumous V.C. at Buckingham Palace.

Pépé le Moko

(*Academy*)

THIS is a revival of a classic we had never hoped to be able to see again. One of the earliest of the great French pre-war talkies, it was made by Julien Duvivier, then a com-

Drawn by Peter Arno. Courtesy: Robert Hale.

"He'd try that with me just once!"

paratively unknown director, and bought off the world markets by America at the end of its premier run. In due time it reappeared in a changed and chastened form under the title of *Algiers*, with Hedy Lamarr in her first Hollywood part, and Charles Boyer in the rôle that had made Jean Gabin one of the biggest heart-throbs in Europe.

Veteran cinemagoers will welcome the return of *Pépé* with delight. The new generation can hardly fail to be gripped and startled by it. Although its technique looks a little old-fashioned to-day, it remains a film of very great distinction, with one or two passages that are still quoted as models of direction and acting, wherever cinéastes meet.

The story was written by an Algerian detective, and is said to be based on his own experience. It deals with the native quarter of Algiers, the Casbah, perched high up on a hill, with its winding streets and terraces descending to the sea. Here the outlaws live, safe from the police so long as they don't venture out to the town below. Pépé le Moko is the king of the outlaws. And the police badly want Pépé.

The issue of the film is straight and simple. Will they lure him down into the town? They try again and again. Other men are trapped, but he isn't. At last a woman achieves what the men have failed to do. Pépé falls in love with a Parisian *cocotte*, and his passion for this woman, coupled with his longing for Paris and the world she represents and he knows, drives him into a suicidal attempt to follow her.

The ending is one of the grimmest I have ever seen; Duvivier's direction is superb, and the film manages in some strange way to be tender as well as tough.

In the same programme the Academy shows a revival of the stylish Nichole Vèdres documentary *Paris 1900*; a unique pictorial record of Paris during the golden years from the turn of the century to the outbreak of the First World War. The Oxford Street cinema is certainly giving the summer customers value for money.

Titanic

(*Leicester Square Theatre*)

T*ITANIC* does what the title promises; gives us some sort of reconstruction of the greatest sea disaster in modern, peace-time history. On the new wide screen, with the new, big assertive sound, it certainly makes its presence felt. The account of the sinking, which has been based, we are told, on actual records of the inquiry, is enough to cause a sick feeling. It sobers, horrifies and hurts.

Unfortunately, the film hurts in another way, too; at least, in my opinion. I deplore the taste which uses a tragedy involving the loss of 1,513 lives as a means of terminating, with a handy accident, the fictional disagreements of a tiresome and talkative Hollywood couple. It is no fault of Clifton Webb's or Barbara Stanwyck's that their shipboard squabbles over the control of their children are a bore; that is the way the script is written. The dreadful thing about *Titanic* is that one almost welcomes the approach of the iceberg. Without it, one feels, the footling discussion might go on for hours.

The Loves of Don Juan

(*Cameo-Polytechnic*)

THE prime interest of this film (apart from the obvious, and I may say, misleading titillation of the title) is that it was made in Spain, and we don't often get the chance to look at Spanish pictures in this country. From a technical point of view it is not quite what we have come to regard as a "class" work; the cutting, for instance, seems arbitrary, and the script takes some surprising leaps; but a number of the scenes are very handsome, the costumes *look* like genuine period costumes, the people wearing them do so with elegance and ease, and the fencing is magnificent.

The film deals with the last days of the celebrated libertine, and, surprisingly, more with his spiritual reformation than with his libertinism. Antonio Vilar makes a dashing Don Juan. An old friend, Annabella, is cast rather oddly as the Englishwoman who betrays him to his death, and a personable young actress named Maria Rosa Salgado appears as the devout Spanish girl who ultimately brings him to a state of grace. The thing I shall remember longest about the film is the gentle, carefree behaviour of a herd of cheerful young bulls, whose good nature made me more than ever opposed to Spain's national sport (not shown, thank heaven, in this picture).

Photographed by Chris Ware.

LIFE WITH FATHER . . .

. . . is a wonderful affair for the two small sons of actor Brian Reece, here seen with his attractive wife, Iris, at their home in Strand-on-the-Green. That strange headgear he is wearing as he tosses eighteen-month-old Christopher John in the air is a jungle hat covered with the insignia of the units he played to when he was entertaining troops in Korea and Malaya. The frogs are six-year-old Michael's. Mr. Reece is well known to radio listeners as "P.C. 49," and now looks like doubling his fans with his hilarious performance in *The seven year itch* at the Aldwych.

THE WORLD OF MOTORING — By WILLIAM HARTLEY

Coronation Year Models Under Test

The Sunbeam-Talbot Coupé

HERE is a medium-sized car with a relatively large engine which presents a happy combination and which has put up a quite remarkable record in the strenuous Monte Carlo and Alpine Rallies. The Coupé has, of course, a full four-seater body, although only of two doors. There are winding windows in both doors and between the rear panels and the hood, thus ensuring good sealing and, in fact, making it as weatherproof and warm as a saloon car, while retaining the undoubted joys of open-car motoring in the right weather. Of the finish, comfort and fixtures I have little to say, except that one would be hard put to it to find something to complain about.

The driving position suits me ideally, and I feel sure that would apply to most people. The wheel is rather more vertical than most, and therefore fits snugly to hand. The manner in which the column has been shrouded and the instruments grouped over it is first-rate, and with the three-spoke steering-wheel giving clear vision, much to be commended.

There is a quite adequate boot and I liked very much its tool storage arrangement tray. All handy and secure and rattle-proof too.

On the road, one at once feels that here is a car that has a sports feel about it. In acceleration and handling there is a zip and zest that is most pleasant and the steering proved accurate and light. I must say that I have always liked quite a large four-cylinder engine. It can only be described as giving the feeling of sturdy power and robust punch. But don't conclude that it is harsh in any way: it is not. I would put the maximum at well into the eighties, and the petrol consumption with mixed use at well up towards thirty to the gallon, a combination which I think is about ideal.

The controls suited me very well, and I found them, with one exception, smooth and easy to handle. The exception was in the gear-lever, which at times gave a little trouble in finding second gear. Maybe this was a peculiarity of the particular car I used, but it should not be a difficult matter to correct and, in any case, it did not detract from the genuine pleasure I had in using the car.

I have often written about the joys of large cars and the handiness of small ones. In the Sunbeam-Talbot I found, for the first time, the most pleasing combination. It is not a large car, yet it has the steadiness and capacity to satisfy most people, and has the additional advantage of being a handy size. Quite honestly, when I took it back to the works, I parted with it with real regret.

In ten days' time, six of these new Sunbeam Alpine sports roadsters will be embarking upon the very strenuous 2000-miles Alpine Rally, after which they are named. Headed by Stirling Moss, a remarkable team of drivers under the captaincy of Norman Garrad seems to me to present as formidable a team as could be put together. I wish them every success. Having used the normal coupé version of the car on English roads, I feel sure they will each look forward to a remarkable experience. This Rally is, of course, the competition début of the 2½-litre Alpine Roadster.

This and That

One cannot write without offering congratulations to all British finishers in the twenty-four-hour Le Mans race for Sports Cars. The only thing that surprises me is that the sweeping nature of the British victory did not get the general acclaim it deserved. The Jaguars have made motoring history.

* * * *

The British Road Federation are certainly bringing pressure to bear on the Government for greater expenditure on the roads. Lord Sandhurst, the chairman, points out that Britain has the slowest traffic in Europe, and that this means higher cost of goods for consumption both at home and export. How true that is and how extraordinary that Government after Government has failed to see the point and has used vast sums of money contributed by motoring for all purposes other than roads. All credit to the Federation for their fight on our behalf, and the more we support them the better. Apart from safety considerations, which must come first, the general congestion of our roads is becoming absurd, and with more cars coming along all the time, it will only get worse. I view the banning of certain classes of traffic in the West End of London, even if it be only for specified periods, as a gross infringement of liberty. It might only be the thin end of the wedge, but it is not good enough. We should all bring individual pressure to bear—and motorists number over 2,500,000 now.

SPORTING BACKGROUND — By LOUIS T. STANLEY

A Case of Bad Temper

IT has been said that a gentleman is an individual who is never unintentionally rude. That being so, then a certain American lawn-tennis player qualifies for the title of Lord Fauntleroy. I don't recall his name, but his manners are familiar! I do not censure him . . . after all, maybe he can't help it . . . but I do blame the authorities for being so cowardly. I cannot imagine a cricketer interrupting a Test Match at Lord's by hurling his bat at an umpire merely because he disagreed with a decision and expect to get away without disciplinary action being taken. I blame the L.T.A. authorities for being so cowardly. There is only one way to cure bad temper that hides behind the alibi of court temper-ament. I would deny such an individual the right to play in any British Championship or tournament until such time as his conduct was as controlled as his shot-making. If it never improved, I am sure we would be quite content to remember him as a memory. I see no reason why a lawn-tennis player should be allowed to go unpenalised for a shocking breach of etiquette. Recrimination in international sport leaves a bad taste in the mouth. On the other hand, I must confess that politeness is not always kept this side of the Atlantic. I am reminded of the Queen's official who asked an American if he understood English and failed to appreciate the answer.

Adjectival Commentaries

Vernacular lapses on the part of the B.B.C. are surprisingly rare. Twice during boxing commentaries have I heard adjectives that escaped public censure in the heat of the fray. Many listeners secretly echoed the ejaculation by an unknown voice during a Test Match commentary a few seasons ago, "Why don't you give the score, you —— fool?" Nothing like that has happened during the present Test series. Even the Naval Review passed off without colloquial comment. The only diversions we get are moments on television when a pompous observation on the Test play bears little or no resemblance to what is seen on the screen.

Payment by Results

Turning to cricket in general, the Light Blue outlook for the University Match is as poor as the weather. Oxford look stronger in every department. Cambridge have disappointed their followers. At times it has been difficult to tell where the tail commences in the batting strength, whilst the fielding has been patchy. I concede that several catches have been brilliant, but the missed chances have been too numerous. They should have introduced the system once adopted by Essex of a 6d. fine per muffed catch, whilst several County sides would be well advised to imitate a system of talent money similar to the one tried a few seasons ago by Glamorgan through the generosity of a supporter. A run-out by direct throw received £2. For an indirect run-out the money was split. Simple catch, £1. Good catch, £2. Red-hot catch, £3. Stumping, £1. The incentive put more than an edge on fielding.

A Golfing Convalescence

Henry Cotton has been wise to scratch from the Open Golf Championship. Carnoustie is no place for a man who is not fit. The place he has chosen to convalesce—Vittel, in the Vosges—is not without golfing facilities. I went there before the war with a golfing party that included Lord Annaly, Baron Marochetti and several medicos. The new course was opened by Rees, Padgham, King and Lacey, and appeared to offer pleasant, light-hearted fare.

Someone asked me recently how much a golfer would net through winning the Open Championship. In the late 'twenties Walter Hagen assessed the figure as not far short of £10,000. It is nothing like that nowadays, though a great deal depends on the initiative of the individual concerned. Players like Max Faulkner, Dai Rees and Harry Weetman are determined to cash-in on their successes. Golf is their living, so why not make it a good one by tournament-playing on global scale. It is interesting to compare the fate of Harry Vardon in this connection. He won six Open Championships. His total aggregate of strokes amounted to 2142. In terms of stake-money he only received about 2s. per stroke. For stark realistic approach to the game I hand it to the Parks and Cemeteries Department of the City of Manchester, who once advertised for a golf professional . . . presumably for mixed duties.

The Channel Urge

The urge to swim the English Channel has begun again. It is remarkable how the habit has persisted for so many years. Captain Matthew Webb was the first Englishman to achieve the distinction. He swam from Dover to Calais in August 1875, taking 21 hours 45 minutes over the crossing. A break of thirty-six years followed before T. W. Burgess, of Yorkshire, crossed from Dover in 22 hours 35 minutes. Miss Gertrude Ederle, an American swimmer, was the first woman to succeed. She crossed from Cap Gris Nez, near Calais, to Dover in 14 hours 34 minutes. G. H. Temme, of London, was the first man to make the double-crossing.

Postscript to Ascot: A close study of the bookmakers convinced even unbelievers that God must love plain people; He made so many of them.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO

by Norah Owen

THE PETAL LOOK

For summer evenings, a blouse of white pure silk organza, with wide folds falling like petals from a low neck to a slim waist. Designed by Maggy Rouff in Paris, and executed by Malcolm Rowe of London, this enchanting blouse is worn here with a short black pleated taffeta skirt, but it could be paired with a long, flowing white skirt for later evenings. From Woollands, Knightsbridge ; and McDonalds of Glasgow, price £9 3s. 6d.

Carefree

Every summer, and particularly before the holiday season, a general plea goes up to hairdressers all over the country—"I want a simple hair style—something that I can cope with myself."

There is a trend towards a natural look in hair styles, but this very casualness is carefully contrived, and depends upon the greatest skill in cutting and waving, and also the hair must be in good condition.

If you want a "new look" for your hair,

A charmingly fashioned disorder of curls, sweeping over the brow and forward against the cheek. Worn free for the daytime, circled with velvet ribbon with a low-tied bow for evening. A gay style for summer days. Antoine de Paris, Dover Street.

A pretty, summery hair-style, with soft "lambkin" curls round a flat top-dressing, and kiss-curls brushed forward against the cheeks. For evening, a coil of hair may be added, dressed high on the crown and secured with giant hairpins. Steiner, Grosvenor Street.

The casual look, contrived by masterly cutting and care of the hair. Soft breeze-blown curls frame the brow, a curl sweeps forward on the cheek from the ears, the back hair is softly brushed up. French of London, Curzon Place—accessories from French's Boutique.

Coiffeurs

watch your general health, go to a good hairdresser and discuss styles with him, remembering that he can see all round your head and not merely the frontal mirror reflection, and trust in his skill to give you the best in cutting and waving.

Watch how he sets the hair so that you can, if necessary, give yourself a shampoo and set, and learn how to use a comb and brush with a flair, to give the same basic hair style extra glamour for the evening.

In contrast, an evening hair-style for longer, straighter hair that perhaps falls softly to the shoulders during the day. It is swept up and back, caught by a jewelled circlet on the crown of the head, falling in thick curls. Antoine de Paris, Dover Street.

A style for lively hair, cut very short. There is a slanting parting, and the hair is waved in towards the centre of the back, with deep flat curls in front. This daytime style can be transformed for evening by deft combing. Truefitt and Hill, Old Bond Street.

Short, almost baby curls for a well-shaped head, graceful neck and excellent features. A style particularly dependent upon good cutting. There is a suspicion of a fringe curling over the brow and fine tendril curls in the nape of the neck. Vasco, Dover Street.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO *(continued)*

ELEGANT ECONOMY

For holiday evenings, and as an addition to a jaded summer wardrobe, is this crisp, young short dress, in navy-blue net, outlined and appliqued with white guipure lace. The top is strapless, and may be covered with a wisp of a bolero in matching net. This dress, also in white, is from Helen Kaye, Regent Street, for only 10 guineas. The soft kid strip sandals, in navy-blue and other shades, are from Lotus, New Bond Street, price 75s.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Studio Hanover

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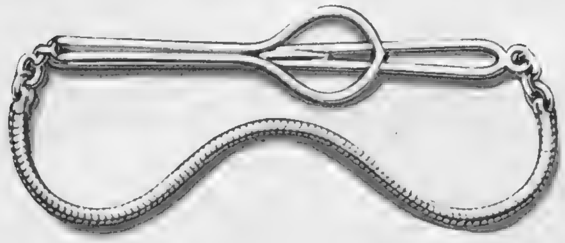

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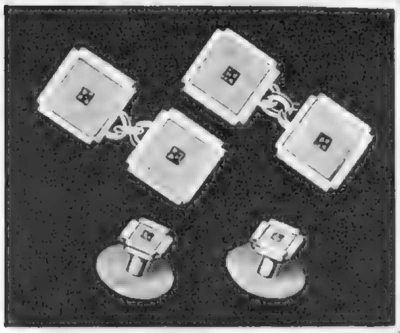

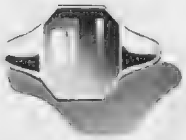

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A SHOPPING TREASURE HUNT

By Susan Carr

At the Chelsea Show I came across a real boon for gardeners of all ages and particularly for the not-so-young. This is a kneeler designed for weeding and all the other jobs which you have to get down on your knees to tackle. But this Easy-Kneeler, as it is called, has supports at the sides to assist you when you are getting up and down. And, at any rate for older people and sufferers from rheumatism and kindred ills, the real difficulty lies in the unpleasant struggle to get down on your knees and haul yourself up again. When reversed, the kneeler can be used as a seat for resting oneself between jobs, or as a small table or step. For additional comfort when kneeling, a rubber mat or cushion can be used. The kneeler, which is in tubular steel and has a hardwood base, is finished in stove enamel in dark green, and will stand up to exposure to weather and any amount of rough usage. At the time of writing, the delivery time is four to six weeks.

The kneeler for weeding described in this article.

* * *

There are few forms of fruit-picking so trying as gathering currants and gooseberries, so I give full marks to the inventor of a simple but efficient device which overcomes much of the tedium. This stripper, which saves its cost in a matter of a few hours' use in time alone, should give many years of service. It consists of a series of long metal prongs set in a wooden frame which is shaped to form a container. Grasping the handle you move the stripper along the branches of the currant or gooseberry bush and the fruit, caught between the prongs, drops neatly into the container. This device can also be used for stripping after picking.

* * *

For providing outstanding value in hand-sewn gloves a firm in Worcester deserves honourable mention. This firm, which devotes itself to the art of glove-making, has a special line in driving-gloves. Roomy, soft, and hand-sewn from golden-beige-coloured skins, they cost only half-a-guinea, and are made in two sizes, for women and for men. This firm also makes hand-sewn chamois and white doeskin gloves at a guinea a pair.

* * *

Having recently bought a dustpan which almost immediately got broken, I am more than pleased to have found one which has distinct advantages over its predecessors. It is made of plastic and is very tough but pliable. It adapts itself to those awkward places under furniture and mats where dust and dirt delight to accumulate, but it doesn't damage anything it happens to knock up against in the course of its duties. It can easily be washed, or wiped with a cloth, and I imagine that it should have a long and useful life ahead of it, because I can't see how it can wear out or get seriously damaged unless some misguided person misuses it as an ash-pan.

* * *

If you have ever struggled to undo a machine-stitched seam, you will rejoice to hear about a gadget which will rip the toughest seam apart in next to no time. My only regret is that this "ripper" wasn't on the market at the time that we were patiently unpicking parachutes. The "ripper" has a sharp metal head—rather like a flattened hook—which is fixed in a plastic handle; it has a protective cap like the end of a pen.

How Much It Costs And Where To Find It.

The "Easy-Kneeler": in tubular steel, 42s. Optional addition raises kneeling position 4 ins. higher to bridge rows of seedlings, 10s. 6d. extra; Carters of Regent Street, or direct from E. J. Woodman and Sons, High Street, Pinner, Middlesex. . . . Currant stripper: 8s., plus 6d. postage; E. J. Woodman and Sons, High Street, Pinner. . . . Driving gloves: 10s. 6d., plus 4d. postage; The Worcester Glove Co., 99, High Street, Worcester. . . . Plastic dustpan: 7s. 11d.; Civil Service Stores. . . . The Barnet Seam Ripper: 1s. 11½d.; Civil Service Stores.

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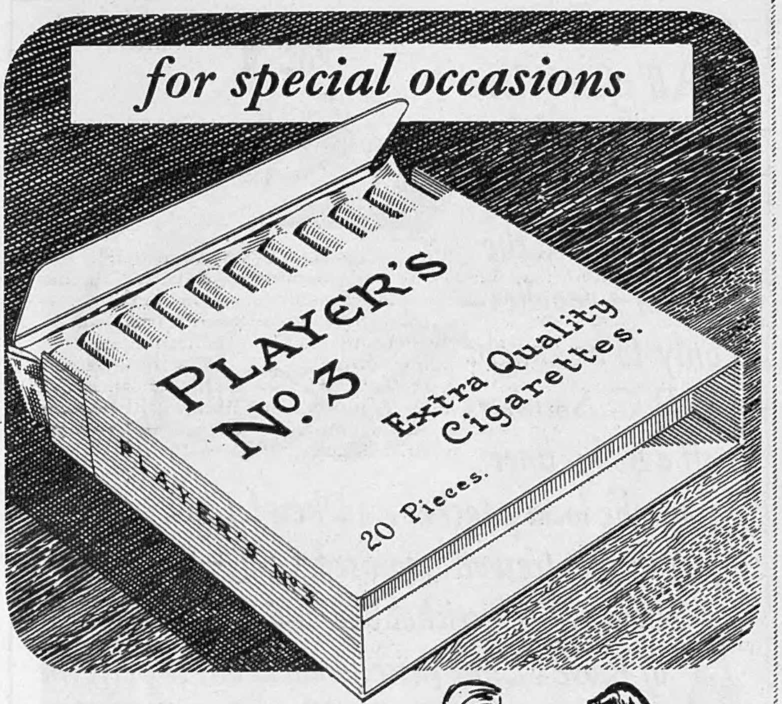

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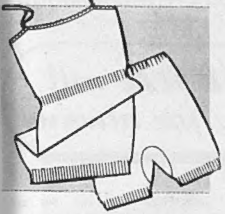

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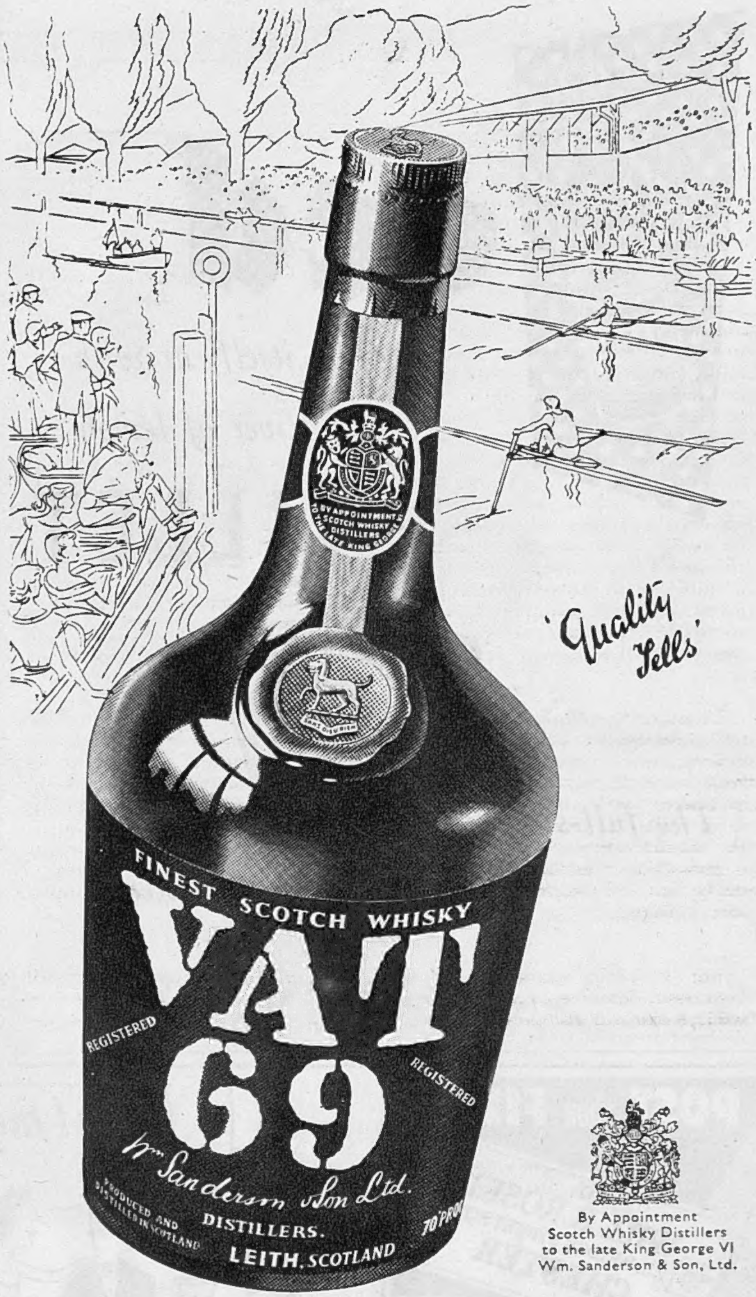

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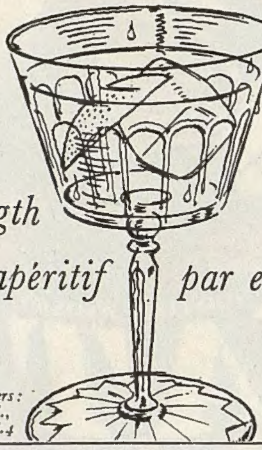

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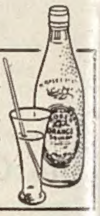

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